

The CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

The Story of the World Today for the Men and Women of Tomorrow

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LIFE'S RACE WITH DEATH

A STORY OF THE EDGE OF THE WILDERNESS

Planes and Dogs Rush Through the Raging Storm

THE WIRELESS CRY FROM NOME

From far-off Nome, the Arctic town on the edge of the Alaskan wilderness, a wireless cry was sent out the other day for help. Diphtheria raging among the Eskimos had spread to the township, and in the blighting cold of the winter was smiting scores of the inhabitants. The only thing to stay its ravages was diphtheria anti-toxin, and there was little or none of it in Nome.

In the days before anti-toxin was known or Marconi had made his wonderful discovery the lot of the sufferers in this far-off corner of the world would have been hopeless. Even now their peril was extreme. The mayor wirelessly to the authorities of the nearest town on the railway begging them to send anti-toxin.

But how was it to get there? From the end of the Alaskan railway at Nenana it is 650 miles to Nome, and the way lies over a desert now deep in winter snow, with nothing to help a sledge to make speed except the ice of the frozen Yukon River, on which the trail runs for 300 miles.

Through Snow and Ice

It was proposed to send the precious remedy by aeroplane, but, though brave men took the risk of flying, the danger was so great that it seemed unlikely that the planes could succeed. When the call for help was first sent out the grip of winter was at its fiercest. The thermometer stood at 70 degrees below freezing. It rose, but with its rising a blizzard sprang up and swept the land for 200 miles below Nome.

Then the brave men who fight these Arctic perils rose to the occasion. They would cross those hundreds of miles of tempest-swept snow and ice by sledge. To aid them they enlisted the services of man's first friend, the dog. It was a team of Arctic dogs, Siberian huskies, that swept into Nome, just in time, bearing a case of the medicine.

Heroes of the Race

The names of two intrepid drivers, Leonard Seppalla and Gunnar Kasson, ring in America today as having been the heroes of this wonderful relay race from Nenana to Nome, but these men, modest as they are brave, would be the first to give the credit to their fierce and faithful dogs.

The first dog team went 65 miles in 12 hours to Tolovana carrying the precious 20-pound packages of tiny bottles. Here another team took over, and after that others; and meanwhile Seppalla set out from Nome to meet them halfway. He had with him a famous team of dogs, winners of many a race,

A Spring Clean for the Great Rameses



The Egyptian Court at the Crystal Palace, Sydenham, has been repainted, and here we see the giant figure of Rameses the Great receiving a new coat of paint ready for the spring

and with them he reckoned that he could make the long run to Nome without another change.

But while Nome waited in anxiety for his return, and all Alaska stood breathless to hear that he had succeeded, the blizzard raised its howling blast in the last 200-mile stretch from Unalika. The storm had threatened even the first relays; it now rose to an 80-mile-an-hour fury.

It was feared that Seppalla would be lost. But he was not left to make the last stages alone. Gunnar Kasson set out to meet him with another famous team of 13 dogs; and another team-driver followed him.

The storm was so bad that, though Kasson picked up Seppalla's team, he was so blinded by the sleet that he lost direction in striking back towards Nome. The last stage of his journey was over the frozen ice of Norton Sound, and it was not Kasson but his long-haired wolf-dog Balto, the leader of the team, that found the trail.

Kasson says that it was Balto who sniffed the trail in the light snow, and kept going his fastest all the time, setting a smart pace for the other dogs to

keep. He ploughed along though his feet were cut by the ice, and the legs of some of his fellow dogs were frozen at the journey's end.

But Balto kept going unceasingly and unswervingly through ice and storm, and when the last lap was covered and Nome was reached he fell down exhausted.

In the end the aeroplanes arrived as well as the dogs, and we may hope that all is now well with the lonely folk of Nome.

THE DOG IN THE WRECK A Woman Gives Her Life

When the steam-ship *Esperanza*, carrying 48 passengers and a crew of 91, was wrecked at Tampico in Mexico, only one life was lost, but it was lost in tragic circumstances.

Miss Cjilia Rives, a Cuban actress, saw her pet dog being swept away from the deck by the angry seas, and without a moment's hesitation she threw herself in after it, and vanished in the foaming turmoil of waters.

Thus did this great-hearted woman play a noble part in her last act on the stage of life itself.

AN OLD LADY'S MEMORY

TRAGIC SCENE IN WHICH SHE LOST HER BABY

One of the Last Survivors of a Famous Siege

THE GREAT MUTINY

In a peaceful English home within sound of the English sea there died the other day an old lady who had heard the roar of the guns at the Siege of Lucknow, and had faced death from the Sepoys in the Indian Mutiny seventy years ago.

Long anxious weeks this lady, then the young wife of Captain Huxham, spent in that awful place, where cholera stalked among the wounded and the dying, and women and children, close packed in the Residency buildings in the intense heat of the summer, heard night and day the crash of the mutineers' guns, and never knew whether they would live to see another dawn.

A Terrible Experience

The Residency buildings were so crowded, and so often were people in them killed by the firing, that a number of the officers' wives and their children were sent for safety to a house on the other side of the Brigade Square. As they crossed the square to reach their new quarters a hail of bullets rained down on them.

Mrs. Huxham, her little boy, and her baby reached the refuge safely; but this was only the beginning of a terrible experience of suffering and anxiety. On the roof were British sharpshooters. When the enemy bullets found them they were carried wounded or in a dying condition through the hall where the women and children were sheltered.

Mrs. Huxham's baby girl died a few weeks after. The body was laid in a blanket and buried in the Residency grounds, the chaplain bravely reading the burial service over it, though he had to lie flat on the ground to escape the flying bullets.

End of the Long Agony

The garrison grew weaker every day. The peril grew so desperate that it was proposed to collect all the women and children in one building, and blow them up to prevent them falling into the hands of the mutineers while the soldiers cut their way out. August ended. The first relief force under Outram and Havelock was too small; it could only be added to the garrison and stay trapped with them.

September came and went; Mrs. Huxham's husband was badly wounded, but he crawled back to safety, and she nursed him back to life. But October passed and half of November, and still their misery endured. Then, on November 15, a watcher heard the pipes of the Cameron men, and on November 16 Colin Campbell's force fought its way into the battered Residency to end this long, long agony.

THE FIRST KNOWN MAN

A LITTLE MORE LIGHT ON THE SUBJECT

The Wonderful Paper-Weight and Its Odd Story

WHAT A BOY TOLD A GIRL

What may prove to be the long-sought relic of a race of almost human apes, which walked the Earth like men before men came to usurp their place, might never have been found if a passer-by had not picked it up to take home and use as a paper-weight.

That is perhaps the oddest thing about the discovery of the largest part of a skull in the rubbish heap of a mine at Taungs, near the Bechuanaland border in South Africa. But the finger of chance which pointed out the odd-looking fossil skull to the passer-by had not yet finished with it. Again, by an accident the finder's son told a girl student at the university that his father was using a bit of fossil monkey as a paper-weight. She might have forgotten it, or thought the fact of no importance; but she wondered if Professor Dart, of Witwatersrand University, with whom she studied, would like to see it, and so she borrowed it to show him.

A Wonderful Tale

When, by this chain of circumstance, the fossil was brought before Professor Dart, he must have felt like the astronomer who first saw a new planet swim across the field of his telescope, for this stony fragment of bone, jaw, teeth, facial bones, forehead, and part of a skull complete, was like no monkey that the world had ever seen.

It was not, so Professor Dart declares, the skull of a monkey at all, but that of a creature who, if human, would have been about six years old. If not human this creature was nearly so. It had a brain beyond an ape's capacity. It could walk like a man; and handle things as he learned to do. It perhaps could speak. It was as old as any human-like relic that has ever been found, or perhaps even older.

It is a wonderful tale to come from a chance discovery in a quarry, and a chance remark of a boy to a girl about a paper-weight.

The Three Skulls

The Java and Pittdown skulls have hitherto been regarded as competing in revealing the first man-like creature to appear on the Earth, though the Pittdown man, except for the enormous thickness of his skull, was far more like modern man than the Javan creature, which much resembled an ape.

But if the claim for Dr. Dart's skull can be made good, Europe, Asia, and Africa will be on an equality as representing the cradle of mankind.

Dr. Dart is an anatomist of authority, and anything he may say about the skull he has found must be considered with respect; but before admitting that this African skull may be a missing link between man and an ape-like ancestor it will have to be examined very carefully. Its finder declares that it resembles one found at Broken Hill in Australia. He has accordingly named it *Australopithecus Africanus*. The name given to the Java skull was *Pithecanthropus Erectus*—the ape-like man who walks upright.

Was the First Man Black?

But every skull newly discovered is subjected to the most searching criticism by anthropologists before its human resemblances or origins are admitted, and many which are at first claimed as those of men or ape-men have been finally relegated to the family of fossil apes.

It remains only to be said that Sir Arthur Keith, of the Royal College of Surgeons, to whom particulars of the skull have been sent, is a believer in the Negro as the descendant of perhaps the first type of mankind.

RULER'S APPEAL FOR SLAVES

50,000 TO BE SET FREE

Maharajah of Nepal's Stirring Call to His People

A BLOT ON HIS STATE'S GOOD NAME

The C.N. announced at the beginning of this year that the slaves in the Indian State of Nepal are to be set free, and the Maharajah of Nepal has just made a stirring appeal on the subject to his people.



The Maharajah of Nepal

The Maharajah has given £85,000 to help to abolish slavery in the State, and in speaking to 2000 notable people at Khatmandu the other day he appealed to the 15,000 slave owners to set free at once their 50,000 slaves.

There are three kinds of slave owners, he said, in Nepal—those who inherited slaves against their will and treated them as children; those who keep them for labour; and those who buy and sell slaves for profit, who do not scruple to separate the husband from the wife, the mother from the child; who hope to become rich by a trade upon which rests the curse of Heaven, upon a trade which is overloaded with the tears of parents and children.

The Broken Family

Then the Maharajah drew this pathetic picture:

"Picture to yourself a happy slave-family comprising the husband, the wife, a six-year-old daughter, and a baby boy. But their happiness is not to last; the master has sold them. His avarice has blunted all feelings of sympathy in him. The mother with the child goes one way, and the father, with the daughter thrown in as make-weight, goes the other, the two perhaps never to meet again. Think of the parting scene, and draw what moral you can."

It is now proposed, the Maharajah declared, that slavery shall cease from a certain date, and the Government is ready to buy and set free any slaves at once. It is suggested that the free slaves should be apprenticed to their former owners for seven years, being given food and clothing in return for their labour.

The Pride of the Country

In closing his appeal the Maharajah declared that the slave trade was so revolting to the civilised world that mankind would have no friendly intercourse with nations who practised it, and he concluded with this final appeal to all owners of slaves:

"Apart from the demands of religion, justice, and humanity, recollect that the vital interests of society, the good name of the country, the weal and woe of fifty-one thousand of your fellow beings held in slavery body and soul rest in your hands. The opinion you will give will be one uninfluenced by any selfish consideration, one which might with propriety come from the scions of the great ancestry which is the pride of the country."

So there is coming very soon another great day, like that which dawned in America in 1862, in which 50,000 slaves will be born again as free men.

AMAZON EXPLORERS

Wireless and Aeroplane Called In

GREAT TRACTS UNTRIED BY MEN

Flying above the impenetrable forests and the unknown mountains which shadow the upper reaches of the Amazon, are members of an expedition led by Dr. Hamilton Rice, which had disappeared from touch with the world since early last November.

But a few weeks ago a Caterham amateur listening-in at his wireless, caught a message that had flown over those trackless jungles, past 1500 miles of the mightiest of the world's rivers and across the ocean, to find a billet in a Surrey valley! So news came in a flash from a jungle in South America to a breakfast-table in the South of England.

The expedition has a wireless outfit and a wireless operator with it, and he, after six weeks' effort, has set up a radio-base from which he can communicate with Manaus, the town on the Amazon which is a thousand miles from its mouth.

Dr. Hamilton Rice now hopes to keep in touch with civilisation by wireless till his explorations are finished. But they will be hard and long and perilous for, though the hydroplane is of immense service in flying over forest and jungle which cannot be trod, and in mapping the courses and junctions of rivers which otherwise would not have been found, landing places have to be carefully fixed beforehand, for forced landings would be certain death.

Strange indeed are the sights on which the explorers peer from their hydroplane, vast tracts of wilderness where man never walks, with vapours rising from the swamps and the river boiling over its rapids through the black forest. Stranger still are the rivers and hills and rocky plateaus which they may find in this country.

One valued member of the expedition, Mr. Koch Grunberg, one of the greatest authorities on the races of South America, has died of malaria.

POWER FROM THE DESERT SANDS

An Idea Not to be Laughed At HOW THE SAHARA MAY HELP THE WORLD'S WORK

Many strange ideas that startled their generation, and even excited laughter and contempt, have become commonplaces within a few years.

Who would have predicted, even ten years ago, the development of wireless as we know it? And who would have thought ten years ago that an aeroplane could fly from London to Nairobi, or that an airship could cross the Atlantic in 48 hours?

So we must not smile when a scientist tells us that it may be possible before long to use the hot and arid sands of the Sahara for the purpose of raising power to work machinery, and thus draw from the thirsty wastes themselves the means of bringing water from distant rivers to irrigate their barrenness and make them bloom again with grass and crops.

Already in Germany they are utilising the wind to supply power for agricultural purposes by methods the same in principle as that of the windmill, but in practice independent of the obstacles which make that form of power-raising so often undependable. It is certainly not beyond the resources of science to make use of the terrific volume of heat that is reflected from the desert sand.

It may well be, after all, that there are no desert wastes in Nature; only places where she does not yield her secrets except to those who seek them with intelligence.

BLAZING THE TRAIL

Two Frenchmen and Their Splendid Flight

NON-STOP FOR 2400 MILES

Air-mail services are being rapidly developed everywhere, and the French, particularly, believe in thus keeping in touch with their empire beyond the seas.

Already air-mail services are in operation between France and Morocco, and it is arranged to extend the service down the coast of Africa to Dakar, the capital of French West Africa, eventually with a service across the Atlantic to South America.

With the object of blazing the trail to Dakar, and also of creating a world's record for long-distance flight, Captain Lemaître and Lieutenant Arrachard left Etampes, near Paris, to fly to Dakar, about 2700 miles away. It was to be a non-stop flight, and more than 500 gallons of petrol, sufficient to feed the 480 h.p. Renault engine of their all-metal Bréguet aeroplane for a flight of 2900 miles, was carried, with food for eight days.

From Europe to Africa

They left Paris one morning and, having traversed the length of France and Spain, the night found them flying over Morocco. By dawn the next morning they were well on their way down the West Coast of Africa, the two men taking turns to rest and to pilot the machine for two-hour periods. Soon after noon, however, they were compelled to alight near Villa Cisneros, the capital of Rio de Oro, a Spanish possession about 450 miles north of Dakar.

They had actually covered in their non-stop flight of 27 hours a distance of over 2400 miles. They had failed to reach their destination or to create a record, but it was a splendid failure, ranking with the great pioneer flights.

The longest flight from place to place was made by two American airmen, who in 1923 flew from New York to San Diego, in California, 2650 miles.

CUT OFF BY THE TIDE

A Brave Boy's Clever Thought SAVING THE LIVES OF A FLOCK OF SHEEP

The R.S.P.C.A. has lately awarded a silver medal for the plucky action of a Barrow lad in saving a flock of sheep.

Samuel Siddaway is employed by an Ulverston farmer, whose sheep graze on the fine pastures stretching down to Morecambe Bay. While working in a field one day, he heard loud bleating, and found that a flock of 46 ewes had strayed so far out on the marshes as to be surrounded by the incoming tide. The farmer was away from home; it was for Samuel to decide what was to be done.

He did not take long in making his decision. Although a cold winter's day, he stripped and swam out to the sheep, crossing a channel in which the tide was running strongly. Then he seized one of the sheep and swam with it back to safety, while the rest of the flock, having been given a lead, followed. After having swum 200 or 300 yards the entire flock reached dry land, exhausted by the struggle with the tide.

Samuel Siddaway is modest about himself, and his brave action did not come to light for many weeks.

It is a deed that will appeal to all those who love animals, and the C.N. delights to put on record such a story of courage and devotion.

SEARCH FOR THE INVISIBLE

How the Chemist Finds It NEW DEVICES FOR THE SCIENTIST

New methods of discovering the tiniest traces of a chemical were described the other day at the Royal Photographic Society by Mr. Thorne Baker, who showed how, with the spectroscope, it has been possible to detect the presence of the metal nickel in human fat, of arsenic in a cobra's venom, and of such small quantities of substances in human blood that their existence has never before been known.

If we look at sunlight with this instrument we see a spectrum band of colours like the rainbow, but if we look at the flame of an electric arc lamp we see numerous brightly-coloured lines, and by these colours, each due to a particular substance burning in the flame, we can make a chemical analysis.

Many coloured lines are too faint to be seen, but the camera is so sensitive, that even the faintest of them can be photographed. New methods of taking these photographs make it possible for the chemist to calculate exactly how much tungsten or chromium there may be in a sample of steel, or the minute amount of impurity in a single drop of London tap water.

The spectroscope has become in recent years the most exact and the most delicate instrument in the hands of the scientist.

BUILDING UP PEACE

Boys of Three Nations Make Friends in Burma

A wonderful debate has been held in the Y.M.C.A. Hall at Rangoon, the capital of Burma. There were 300 boys present, Chinese, Burmese, and Indian, all under 17, and they listened with keen enjoyment while six of their number debated the question "That popularity is not the criterion of success."

The Chief Secretary to the Government of Burma was in the chair, and a judge, a professor, and the assistant accountant-general acted as judges of the debate, which was won by the two Indians and the Burmese boy who took the affirmative side against three Burmese boys who took the negative.

The debate was in English. Each of the three races in Rangoon (Burmese, Chinese and Indian) has its own tongue, but it is only when they speak English that they meet on common ground.

Nothing is more important than that the best relations should be fostered between the three peoples who contribute so vigorously to the life of India's happiest and most contented province.

FAMINE IN IRELAND

Potatoes Fail and Turf Will Not Burn

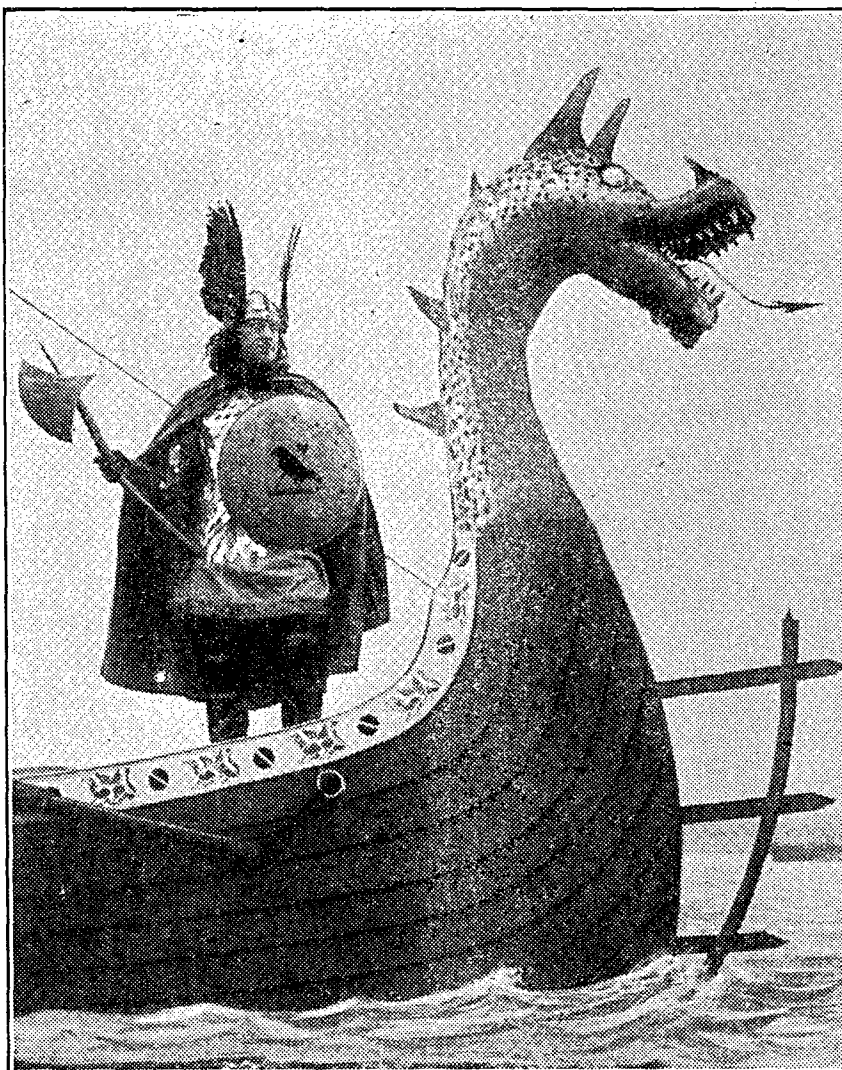
There is bad news from Ireland. We had a wet summer and autumn in England, but it was wetter in Ireland, with the result that in the west and part of the north what are known as the congested districts are suffering terribly from a failure of crops, notably oats and Ireland's great stand-by, potatoes. Not only so, but the stacks of turf, on which the people depend for fuel, have been so soaked by rain that they will not burn.

Relief has been organised, and north and south, forgetting their enmities, are combining in the fight against starvation. It may well be, however, that Ireland's own resources will be found inadequate for the emergency. If that prove so Ireland will find that, despite her hard-won independence, the ties with England are still strong enough to bring succour from across the Channel.

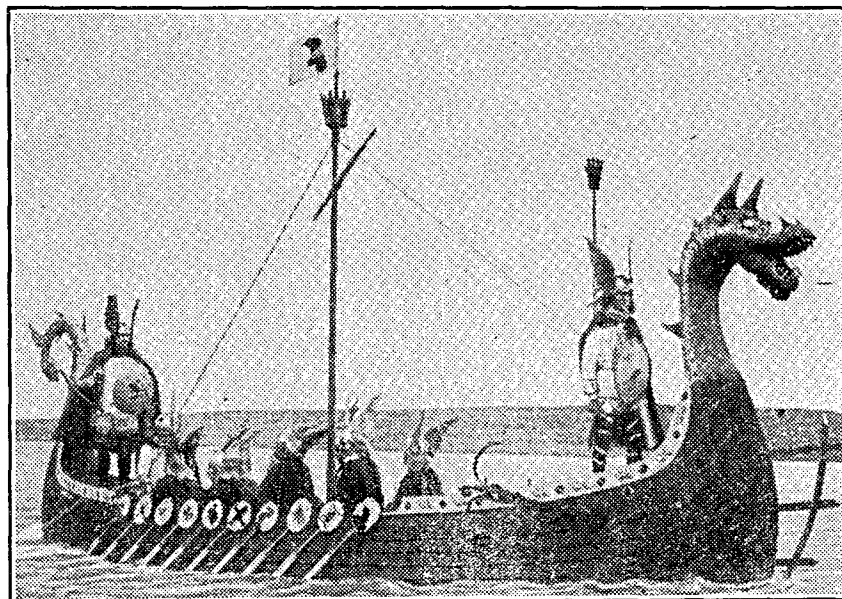
VIKINGS COME AGAIN TO SHETLAND



The Viking Chief addresses his men



The Chief at the head of his galley



The Viking ship with its crew and their Chief

Shetland has been celebrating again the coming of the Vikings to the islands; and these photographs, taken at Lerwick, show how realistically the past has been made to live. At the close of the celebrations the Norse war galley was burned on the shore

BACK TO DICKENS

Still a World's Favourite THE PRECIOUS BOOKS IN A CELLAR

All true lovers of books must rejoice at the enthusiastic revival in the popularity of Charles Dickens which has been taking place of late.

Mr. Walter T. Spencer, a famous book-collector, who has 200,000 first editions of great writers of all countries stowed away in his little shop in New Oxford Street, with concrete-lined cellars running under the roadway, told the C.N. something about the love which Dickens has inspired, not only in the hearts of his own countrymen and their kinsfolk in the United States, but among people who do not speak English as their mother-tongue.

Indeed, there are thousands of men and women in France, Germany, Russia, and even China and India, who cannot read a word of English, yet are familiar with the works of this great Englishman and the spirit he caught so magically with his pen. The cultured peoples of Scandinavia regard him as a world-possession. The poor Jews of the ghettos read him in Yiddish and in Hebrew. The love of freedom and the hatred of oppression which inspired so many of his works have filled the imagination of a number of reformers who have never seen England.

More Popular Than Ever

And Mr. Spencer, who has many manuscripts and letters in the beautiful handwriting of this master of humble life, is visited almost daily by lovers of Dickens, anxious to see volumes that were published when Dickens was still a young man, when he was established as a popular favourite, and when he had earned the gratitude and recognition of his countrymen.

"The works of Charles Dickens," said Mr. Spencer, "have never been neglected by the British public. Today I can see from my own experience that the great novelist is more popular than ever, more firmly rooted in the affection of his readers. Every scrap of his handwriting, every volume of his first editions, is eagerly snapped up. And every day there is a greater demand for new editions of his works among simple folk whose hearts respond to his humour, his pity, and his broad humanity."

SEEING NORWAY

A New Railway and Its Sights THE FIORDS FROM ABOVE

The right way to see Norway is to cross the North Sea to Stavanger and then, slowly steaming round from fiord to fiord, make excursions up the valleys. Those, however, who do not love the sea and have time and money may now go nearly all the way by train and see some of the choicest scenery.

After crossing the English Channel, one may go by train through France, Germany, Denmark, and Sweden, ferry boats carrying the train across the three narrow straits between the Danish mainland and islands and Sweden. Landed in Sweden, one travels direct to the Norwegian capital, now called Oslo.

From Oslo railways have been built through the mountains of the interior, first to Bergen, then to Trondhjem, due north of the capital, and now to Aandalsnes for Molde. The last line, branching off from the Trondhjem line at Dombaas, was lately opened by King Haakon.

Along these three lines one may approach from above some of the most beautiful of the fiords and the valleys that run up from them. From below or from above the sight of unfolding beauty and grandeur is unforgettable.

DR. ABRAMS AND HIS BOX

THE MAGIC MEDICINE MAN

Queer Question the Doctors are Discussing

A GREAT MAN OR A QUACK?

When Dr. Alfred Abrams, whom thousands of people in America believe to have been a great healer, died a year ago he left a secret in a magic box.

The box has been opened. The instruments in it have been examined, and opinion is divided as to whether Dr. Abrams had stumbled on a great discovery, or whether there was nothing in his box after all.

Doctors do not look favourably on magic. While Abrams lived they continued to ask him how his instruments worked, what they did, and why?

What Dr. Abrams Claimed

Dr. Abrams claimed that he had discovered a hitherto undetected property of the blood of people of animals suffering from disease; and that he had invented instruments to reveal it.

These were the instruments in his magic box, and he was quite ready to explain how they worked.

If a person is suffering from tuberculosis, measles, pneumonia, or fever, it is reasonable to suppose that his blood and his perspiration alter. Abrams said they acquired new rates of vibration.

But he could not say what the vibrations were. The most delicate electrical instruments would not measure them. He was sure, however, that they were there because they would pass along a wire.

His Magic Vibrator

If a specimen of the blood or perspiration were placed in the path of the wire, and the wire itself joined up to a head-band worn by the patient, the vibrations could be detected by applying another instrument to the skin.

Abrams devised other methods to show the rate of the vibrations, and other tests to fix the nature of the disease. Finally he invented an instrument which, by throwing into the patient new rates of vibrations, sought to counteract the disease.

It was about this instrument, the Vibrator, or Oscillograph, that there was the most dispute.

Many followers of Abrams claimed things for it that were shown to be absurd. Abrams died in the midst of the violent dispute, a disappointed and discredited man.

Where Doctors Disagree

His box was left to speak for him. It was declared to be all quackery by a committee of doctors in America, and it has now been examined by Sir Thomas Horder and other competent physicians in England. They cannot agree with all the things claimed for it, but they have found that the box and its electrical circuits do seem to reveal some change in the blood, and some alterations in the vibrations of diseased persons.

Abrams may have been wrong; he may have deceived himself. He certainly claimed too much. But he may have stumbled on some curious property of the body and the blood in disease, which future research will show to be of importance and value.

A hundred years ago Mesmer stumbled on the strange secret of hypnotism. He was a quack and a charlatan, but scientific men like Braid and Charcot, coming after him, found the valuable truth hidden in his impostures.

AIR-MAP OF NEW YORK

Aviators have completed a wonderful photographic map of New York City; 3000 miles were flown and 2000 pictures taken, and 625 square miles have been depicted with remarkable clearness.

IS THE GREAT WAR KILLING OUR BIRDS?

WHY THEY DIE AT SEA

The Oily Scum From the Ocean Bed

MARINE LIFE PERISHING

Round the coast the sea-birds are still dying, their plumage soaked in oil; but we now learn that they are probably paying with their lives, not for the carelessness of merchant ships at sea, but for the wickedness of a war of which they at least were innocent.

Lord Bearsted, who knows all that there is to be known of the use of oil-fuel, writes that oil is much too precious to the ships that use it to be wasted, and that those employing it for fuel, and those carrying it, take the most scrupulous care lest it should escape overboard. There may be some careless captains, but they are few.

But there is oil waiting to escape into the sea and carry on its work of defilement which is past all human control, and the theory he suggests is remarkable.

When the oil-tankers were bringing petroleum to English ports during the war the submarines sank them by the score. They went to the bottom, but they were far from leaving no trace. From some the oil spread at once. From others the thick oil which in thousands of tons is lying on the sea-bed is spreading as the ships break up.

A Sad Fact

Eight or nine years have gone by, but there are thousands of tons of oil still to rise in a foul scum to the surface; and it is a melancholy fact that a little of this oily scum goes a very long way. It spreads over the surface of the waves in a very thin layer, less than a hundredth-thousandth of an inch in thickness, so that as much oil as would fill Highgate Ponds would almost suffice to spread a film from England to America. Every oil-tanker waiting beneath the waves for the time of its dissolution holds the lives of thousands of sea-birds in its grip.

There can be little doubt that this theory explains a great deal of the oil which is doing such grievous harm, but Professor Shipley, of Cambridge, declares that oil is destroying marine life where there are no sunken ships; it has even spoiled the bathing costumes in Atlantic City and other seaside resorts of America; and outside New York there has been so much oil that the authorities feared a conflagration. This oil, says Professor Shipley, destroys the inshore animals, and countless millions of the most delicate and beautiful larvae of all sorts of sea creatures perish.

THE LITTLE OLD MAN IN A BOX

Gramophone in the Bush

To the simple Negro folk of the jungle the gramophone is a thing of intense wonder. They believe a man or a spirit must be alive inside the box.

The Livingstone film expedition in Central Africa gave a concert in practically every village at which they stopped. Immediately it began the whole native population would come out, coming closer and closer, finally taking a peep inside.

They called the gramophone the Little Old Man in a Box, and thought the records must be the food on which he lived.

They especially liked Caruso, whom they thought a comic singer, but Harry Lauder did not strike them as funny. Kreisler's was the only instrumental music they cared for, probably because he used a stringed instrument, which they could understand.

The explorers found the natives intensely musical, and the gramophone everywhere caused them delight. After being carried 1200 miles through the bush, it has now come back to London quite safe and sound.

NEWS FROM EVERYWHERE



Gathered by

Last October Canadian wheat was shipped to 53 different countries.

Improvements to the main road between Maidstone and Folkestone are to cost £400,000.

It is estimated that the cost of clearing snow in the New York boroughs this winter will amount to £2,000,000.

A commission which has been fixing Palestine's currency has decided that a coin worth 2s. shall be named the Shekel.

Advertising on Stamps

Advertising space is now being sold on Italian postage stamps.

George Stephenson's House

Tapton House, where George Stephenson died, has been presented to Chesterfield by Mr. Charles Markham.

240 Miles of Wire

The electric wiring in the London County Hall is 240 miles long, and would reach from London to Plymouth.

Young at 80

Mr. J. Hackleton, 80 years old, is Scoutmaster of the Stockley troop of Boy Scouts in Middlesex. He is the oldest Scoutmaster in England.

Giant Oak for America

A giant English oak measuring 47 feet round, has just been sent to America. It took 17 horses three days to remove it to the railway station 30 miles away.

The Round-the-World Fliers

A bill has been introduced in the American Congress to reward the Round-the-World fliers by promoting them and moving them up on the seniority list.

A Cross for Montreal

A huge electric cross is being erected on the summit of Mount Royal, Quebec, one of Canada's most historic spots, to be seen at night from nearly all parts of Montreal.

100 Miles of Ice

Temperatures as low as 42 degrees below zero have been recorded lately in New York State, and in Canada the St. Lawrence River is frozen for a stretch of 100 miles.

London to Bristol by Bus

A new motor-bus service has been started between London and Bristol. The journey of 140 miles is to take eight hours.

Ancient Art Treasures

A collection of art treasures dating from before the Christian Era has been brought from the dead city of Khara Khot, in Mongolia, by a Russian explorer.

Toy Balloon's Long Journey

A toy balloon released at Berlin has landed after two days and nights in Yugo-Slavia, having covered 700 miles at an average speed of nearly 15 miles an hour.

NO MORE FRENCH TITLES

But Decorations in Germany

It is strange that after half a century of Republican Government titles of nobility should still be plentiful in France. When the German Republic was formed five years ago titles and orders of home or foreign creation became at once illegal.

At last the French Government has decided that titles shall be no longer recognised. It has introduced a Bill making it illegal for any public official to allow their use in any public document, deed, or certificate, even in certificates of birth or marriage.

But, by a queer coincidence, a meeting of secretaries of the German States has drafted a Bill permitting the revival of the bestowal of decorations. They have found the embargo on them very inconvenient; they were so much cheaper than increases of salary as rewards for public servants.

IN THE MIDST OF LIFE

ONE MORE TRAGEDY OF THE WAR

The Brave Struggle of a Seeker After Knowledge

SAD END OF A HERO

A tragic story of a human life lies behind an accident that happened in London the other day.

Although to most of the world Professor Nicholas Kulchitsky was but a name, and his death through falling down a lift-shaft at University College was a melancholy accident soon to be forgotten, yet before the tide of war and the undertow of revolution swept him and many like him from Russia he was one of its wise and powerful men.

In early life love of science possessed him, and so great was his skill and knowledge of anatomy that the humble professor at Kharkov, where he worked, became known to scientific societies all over the world through his researches, though these were published first in Russian, and so for years were little noticed. He had written about a hundred books or valuable papers, and one of his works won him the famous Nobel Prize.

His Rise and Fall

But, once recognised, his learning took him higher and higher till at last he became a Senator of the Empire, friend of the Tsar, and Minister of Education. When the revolution came the Bolsheviks attacked scientific professors, not because they were men of science but because most of them, like Kulchitsky, held Government posts. Kulchitsky was spared because all knew that, while Minister of Education, none had sympathised more with the poor uneducated people of Russia or tried harder to help them.

But, though his life was spared, he sank with his family deeper and deeper into poverty. He got out of Russia once, but went back again to his wife and daughter, who could not get away with him, and who could not find a living without him; and at Kharkov, where he had once been a University professor, he turned his knowledge of chemistry to account in making soap to earn bread.

From Kharkov the little family went south to Sebastopol, and on the Russian warship Kronstadt the former Minister of Education went on with his humble work of manufacturing soap, at any rate making the world cleaner, as well as making it a little happier for his child and his wife.

The Refugees

At last, five years ago, all three got away as refugees on a British ship and came to London, where a little band of devoted and brave Russian scientific men are working wherever research can be found for them.

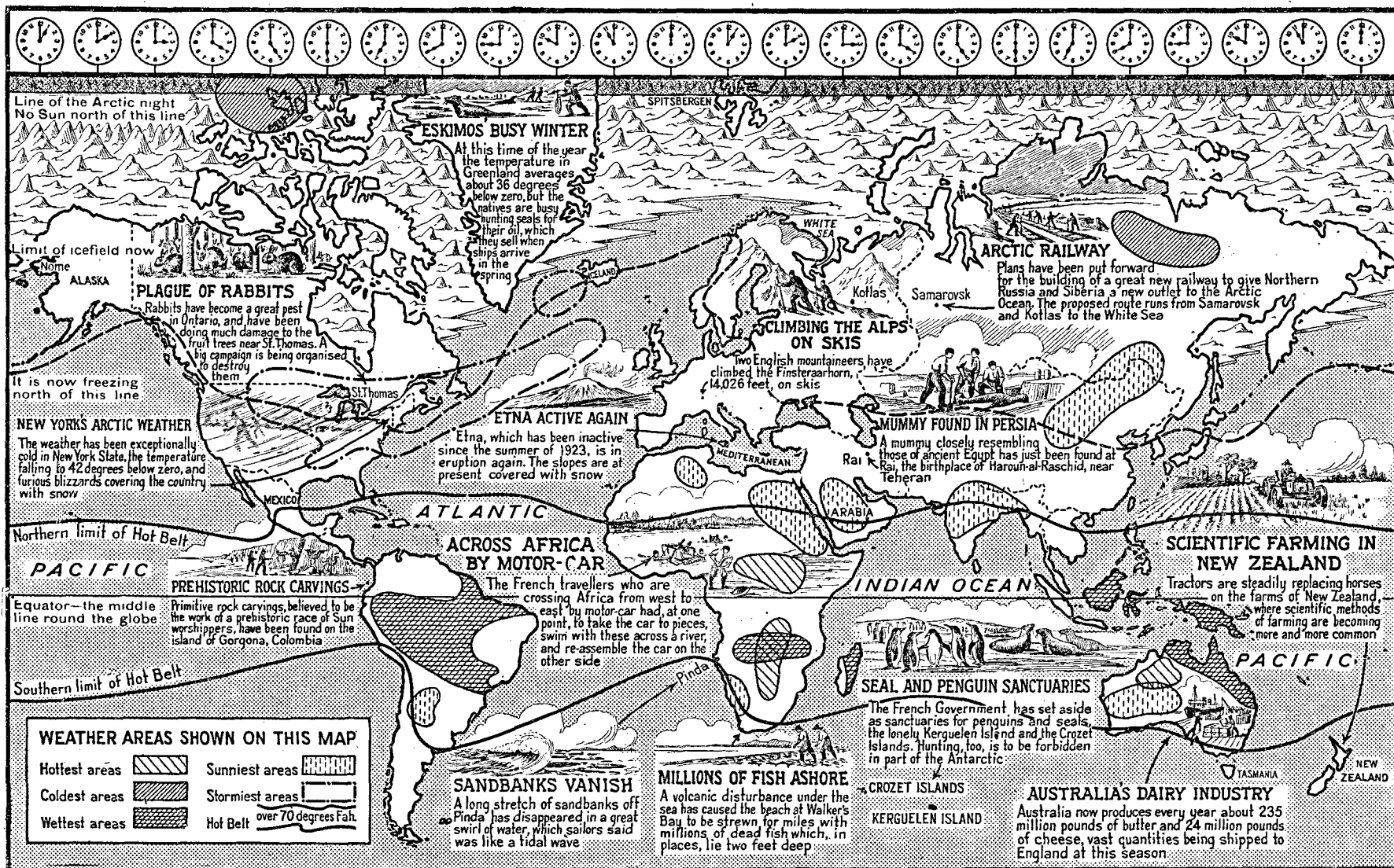
Such work was found for Kulchitsky in the Anatomy Department of London University, and for four years past he had been pursuing his old researches on the nerve fibres which take orders from the brain to the muscles.

In the war, of which Kulchitsky himself was a victim, thousands of soldiers suffered from head wounds which paralysed their muscles, and Kulchitsky found a way to restore to hundreds of them the use of their limbs. He was in the midst of his good work when by another inscrutable decree of fate this brave and good man stepped into a lift-shaft when the lift was down below; he stepped out of life into death.

ALBERTA'S CROP AT ONE PORT

A grain elevator with a capacity of 2,250,000 bushels, which has been opened at Vancouver, will bring the storage capacity of the port up to 10 million bushels, enabling it to handle the whole of Alberta's crop.

PICTURE-NEWS AND TIME MAP SHOWING WEATHER ALL OVER THE WORLD



BUILDING HOUSES

How the Labour is to be Found STEEL v. BRICKS

Mr. Neville Chamberlain announces that local authorities everywhere are now availing themselves of the suggestions of the committee appointed by the last Government to see how the labour was to be got to make up the shortage in houses.

What is wanted is the rapid training of a large number of new men to make up the shortage. It is proposed to allow youths to be apprenticed at any age up to 20. That will make it possible to draw on the great mass of youths who have never been able to find employment since leaving school, but who are past apprenticeship age.

Another arrangement is that unskilled men already in the trade as labourers shall be accepted as adult apprentices, rising to the skilled rates of pay as their apprenticeship nears its end.

A further way of easing the difficulty is to make houses of other things besides bricks. The Government has decided to have a number of steel houses built so that people can see for themselves whether they are suitable. These steel houses can be erected by unskilled labour.

A great deal has been said about steel houses being too hot in summer and too cold in winter, but Lord Weir, their inventor, says they are as little affected by heat as brick houses, and a great deal less affected by damp, an important consideration in our climate.

Another way to get round the shortage of skilled labour is recommended by a Government committee, which says that good houses can be made of concrete, mixed and poured into moulds in the place where it is required.

Pronunciations in This Paper

Iroquois	Ir-o-kwoy
Kerguelen	Kerg-e-len
Manaos	Mah-nah-oosh
Persians	Pers-yoos

THE SAINT

How a Builder Made Him

Many people in South London who know St. Aubyn's Congregational Church must take it for granted that there was a Saint Aubyn after whom the church was named; but this is not so, writes a correspondent of the C.N.

The church gets its name from a Mr. Aubyn, who had a school on the site about 80 years ago. When the school was closed a builder bought the land, and made a new road to develop it. Being anxious to secure a high-sounding name for his property, he took Aubyn's name, changed the *i* into a *y*, added *St.*, and there he was, with as distinguished a name as any road could wish. When a congregation of Free Churchmen fixed on the district for their new church, they adopted the Saint with the property.

Now that it has celebrated its sixtieth birthday, St. Aubyn's Church sounds as dignified as St. Paul's, and as there is no doubt that there was once a real St. Aubyn (for a town in Jersey and many noble families are named after him) no one is likely to dispute the title.

ARMS OF OUR CITIES AND TOWNS

Free Coloured Plate Next Week

Last week the Children's Pictorial gave away a coloured chart of the Nation's Arms. Next week's C.N. and that of the following week will contain free plates in full colour showing the arms of our most important cities and towns.

The two plates together will form a splendid set and will have not only an interest for those who live in the towns themselves, but a high historical value for all who love heraldic pictures. There will be 84 pictures altogether, and the colouring is extremely attractive.

Let your newsgate have an order this week so that you may be sure of obtaining your copies.

A YOUTH FIGHTS AN EAGLE

How a Puppy Escaped from its Talons

An eagle cannot be an easy thing to fight, and few people have occasion to try. A youth was driving a cart in the wilds of Aberdeenshire with a puppy sitting beside him, when an eagle swooped down and seized the puppy in its talons.

The youth struck the eagle with his stick, and the bird attacked him. They had a long struggle, but ultimately the eagle was beaten to the ground. It measured 4 feet 3 inches from tip to tip of its wings.

BACK TO THE OLD NEST

The Early Sparrows

Last year we told the story of a sparrow's nest high up in a wall above a yard where horses often stand, snug from rain and wind, and safe from the office cat.

January was not out before the same observer noticed that the old nest was again in occupation and that preparations were being made to make a comfortable home for the new family.

In the sparrow world such ideal lodgings are very rare, and it is therefore not surprising to find them occupied thus early in the year.

In the Auction Rooms

The following prices have lately been paid in the auction rooms for objects of interest:

A 1781 silver dinner-service	£1097
A French drawing-room suite	£451
A Queen Anne cabinet	£420
An old English table	£299
17th-century Highland pistol	£278
Five Cromwellian chairs	£178
Pair of 1777 candelabra	£175
A Charles II tankard	£139
A Louis XVI clock	£94
A Baxter print	£65
Two Queen Anne candlesticks	£64
A Queen Anne bookcase	£63
An Adam mirror	£54
A Henry VII Maidenhead spoon	£30

CANADA'S PIONEERS

How They Might Have Changed History

A GROUP OF FAITHFUL PRIESTS

Three hundred years ago, when the Pilgrim Fathers were still newcomers "on the wild New England shore," a group of French priests of the Society of Jesus penetrated 900 miles into the Canadian interior seeking to convert the wild Huron Red Indians to Christianity.

They laboured devotedly for 23 years, and then their work was wiped out by the invasion of the still wilder Iroquois, who, after putting them to horrible tortures, killed them all.

Now the French Canadians have moved the authorities at Rome to declare these old priests "blessed," a preliminary to making them saints. They worked well and hard for their Church and their Church is rightly grateful. But they worked also for France. Their aim was the conversion of the Indians not only to Christianity but to French citizenship. Had they established the Red Indian Empire of which they dreamed American history might have turned out very differently.

The Hurons lived to the south of Georgian Bay on the great lake called after them, and the Iroquois on the other side of Lake Ontario. French settlers at Quebec had long traded with the Hurons, who visited them by canoe, the journey taking them 30 days.

TREASURE SHIP FOUND

Sweeping the Ocean Floor

By dragging the floor of the ocean off the coast of Virginia two trawlers have at last discovered the wreck of the steamer Merida, sunk in 1911 while carrying a cargo of gold and silver worth nearly a million pounds.

A sweep a mile long was used, and many false stops were made before the wreck was located.

CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

FEBRUARY 21 1925

Well Played

ONE of the fine things about us all is that we love to hear tales of courage and sacrifice on the part of others. We are always ready to say *Well played!* to someone.

When we are very young we are apt to think that physical courage is the only kind that matters. We have secret dreams of doing great deeds ourselves.

But as the years go by we learn that moral courage is much greater than physical courage; that it takes far more bravery to go to a friend whose approval is precious to us and own up about something dishonourable than it takes to jump into a river.

When we get a little older we learn that isolated acts of moral or physical courage are nowhere near as magnificent as the day-in and day-out courage which some people have to show in order to live their lives at all. Most of us can be brave for an hour, a day, a week; but what about the bravery which must needs last till death? When we meet people possessed of that, we hide our heads and say that all we have done is nothing.

We do not often see these people. They live in the shadow, and our place is in the bustling heyday of life.

Voices of dear friends who live in the shadow come to the C.N. from time to time and say, *How goes the game out there in the brave light?* and the C.N. knows where the real game is, and calls out, *Well played, you there!*

One of these voices came to the Editor the other day across the world, from a bed in a dark room in a house in Australia. There a brave friend of the C.N. is fighting the good fight.

It is many years since he was up and about. A bitter disease has taken from him first one gift of God and then another, and now he lies bedridden, blind, his body useless except for one stiff arm and crippled hand which cannot even hold a pen.

Yet he does not chafe. His mind is keenly alive and his soul is warm with sympathy for others, so that the people who go to see him are lifted up. They find that the mind can journey in wide fields of knowledge, and gain strength and refreshment there, even if the body is stricken.

There are many like this good man: God be gracious to them all! The C.N. is their friend, and today, as the message of fellowship comes from the blind cripple across the world, we stop and think and think.

We lay aside for a moment our own troubles and worries of work and home, and we think of these lives of suffering nobly borne. We can give them nothing but our sympathy and love, but we can say, *Well played!*



THE EDITOR'S TABLE

Fleetway House, Farringdon Street, London
above the hidden waters of the ancient River
Fleet, the cradle of the Journalism of the world



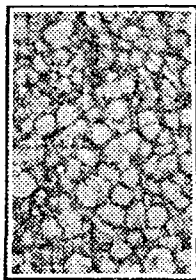
Well Done, Public

WE think a good word may be said for the wonderful patience of the great public.

Even in the earliest and most perilous days people were found willing to pay for an air-ride, and in later times they submitted to being cooped up two at a time in a tiny cabin, like hens in a basket, while a roaring engine made all conversation impossible. Because this support meant financial success, firms were able to spend money on improving machines till they arrived at the air-liner of today.

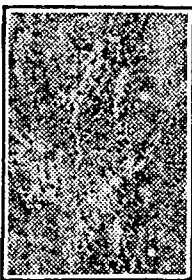
For five years there has been a regular air-service to the Continent, and the first big accident is now being inquired into. It is a great tribute to public courage that not one seat was cancelled afterwards, and that the traffic figures were quite unaffected. The only drawback to flying to Paris now seems to be that it saves hardly any time; but that will pass.

Look on This



This is the Country dweller's lung

And on This



This is the London dweller's lung

Poor Vandyck

THEY have been decorating the statue of "Our Martyr King" again—not, we hope, with a forged tribute from the C.N., such as was laid on the statue four years ago.

It seems a fitting moment to pay a tribute to Vandyck, whose portraits would have made Charles Stuart immortal if his own character had not fixed him for ever in our history.

Vandyck's fine portraits of Charles lead us to think that, whatever his faults as a king, he was a generous patron to art, but among the king's papers preserved from destruction is a bill from Vandyck. In every case the artist's figure is struck out, and Charles has written in another, sometimes half the sum asked by the artist, sometimes even less.

Then, having whittled down the bill, he did not pay it.

Vandyck's daughter was eventually granted a small pension in consideration of the sums still owing to her father at the time of his death.

It is a curious sidelight on a great page of history. Charles was a dazzling figure, but who would not today have rather been the man who painted him and could not get his wages?

The Prayer of the Church Bell

Jesu fulfil with Thy good grace
All that we beckon to this place.

The Bus Number

FOR weeks we have been waiting to pass on a suggestion to the London bus companies that they should put their bus numbers on the sides of buses, where all the people could see them all the time, instead of on the front and the back, where only some of the people can see them some of the time.

While this note lay on our desk the same idea is suggested in a letter to The Times, and we hope that so simple a way of helping the public will be speedily adopted.

There is really no need, in these days of Cross Words, to make a puzzle of bus numbers; nor is there any need, in these days of traffic danger, to compel the public to risk their lives in trying to find them.

Tip-Cat

ENGLISHMEN know how to lose. Which is good, so long as what they lose is not their temper.

SOMEONE suggests separate railway compartments for talkers. Why not have special speaking tubes?

MR. LLOYD GEORGE says Surrey, next to Wales, is the most beautiful part of the world. But Wales is not next to Surrey.

THE Houses of Parliament are crumbling. Another housing problem.

SMALL children dislike silence. But they have no sound reason for doing so.

WEATHER prophets say we may now expect seventeen dry years. They will have more than that in America.

AN onion boat going from Portsmouth to France struck a rock. And then sprang a leak.

BIG BEN stopped in the recent fogs. It could not see its hands before its face.

The Daisy Opens

By Our Country Girl

THE daisy on a long green wrist
Thrusts up her bud, a tight-clenched fist,

To threaten all the world:

But in a cautious hour or two
She looks straight up to Heaven's blue,

Her petals now uncurled.

O, THANKLESS mortals who complain
Of dullness, poverty, and pain!

Saints only, Heaven-dear,
Deserve the joy of seeing one
Round daisy staring at the Sun
And knowing Spring is here.

A Great Scrap Book

Edited by You

THE joy of a Scrap Book is something we keep with us long after we have grown out of Scrap Book days. To look at them is to look at books we have made ourselves.

A chance of making a very wonderful Scrap Book is now being offered to the C.N. readers. It is unlike any other Scrap Book, for three reasons.

It is to be filled with pictures given to us by the C.N.'s picture companion, the Children's Pictorial. That makes it a lovely Scrap Book to begin with, for the Editor is joining with you in making it.

The second reason is this: when it is finished the Editor wants to see it and say *Well done*. If it is very well done, a magic envelope will come for the maker of it.

What is to be Done With It

Now comes the best reason of all why this Scrap Book is to be the loveliest we have ever made. What is to happen to it in the end?

Is the Editor to keep it? No. He would love to keep it and look at it and say "A friend of mine made that"; but he knows something better. Are we to keep it? No. We know something better than that, too, for we have seen what the Editor has told us in the Bran Tub page of the C.P. Listen.

One morning the Editor was walking past a children's hospital and he heard the children singing *All Things Bright and Beautiful*. He stood for a minute listening to the sweet, husky little voices and went on with a sad heart, knowing that there are hundreds of such hospitals, homes, and orphanages where children have to live year after year. They are not jolly and well like ourselves. Their world is full of suffering and patience, and the little bits of happiness they get have to stretch out a long way.

God's Little Prisoners

While the Editor was thinking of this an idea came to him. He would fill the C.P. with lovely pictures week by week. The C.N. and the C.P. readers should cut them out and make Scrap Books, lots of lovely Scrap Books. He would get the magic *Well done* envelopes ready. Then the Scrap Books should be packed up in big parcels and sent out among the children's hospitals, homes, and orphanages.

So, you see, the C.P. Scrap Books are going to be Books of Happiness, bringing sweet thoughts, pictures of the great world, things to laugh at, things to wonder at, into the lives of thousands of God's little prisoners.

Every C.N. reader can make a Scrap Book, feel that it has brought smiles to one pale face, and be proud to think that thin little hands will hug the book, glad eyes will read the name of the boy or girl who made it over and over again, and a soft little voice that can never shout for joy in the green fields will cry aloud in a little bed and say *Thank you, dear Editor of my Scrap Book; thank you.*



PETER PUCK
WANTS TO
KNOW
If tall men move
in high society

A GREAT BRIGAND FALLS

RAISULI OF MOROCCO

The Hopeless Struggle of Spain for a Fragment of Empire

CURTAIN DROPS ON A PATHETIC SCENE

Raisuli the Moorish chieftain, Raisuli the Sultan of the Mountains in whose hands lay life and death, Raisuli called the brigand and the outlaw, is a prisoner in the hands of his enemy Abdel Krim, chief of the Rifs.

His life hangs in the balance, and his power and riches have been taken from him. In his fall he exemplifies words that he has himself spoken of his land of Morocco: Today the soldier who was a slave is a Sultan; tomorrow the Grand Vizier lies in a dungeon and in chains.

The Wounded Lion

Was there ever an Eastern tale of old revenge more tragic than that of this man who has defied kings and played fast and loose with the Great Powers of Europe? A few weeks ago he was the ally of Spain, of whom he has in turn been the enemy and the vassal, guarding for her the mountains which faced the Rifs and their leader Abdel Krim on the one side, and the strongly protected French zone of Morocco to the south.

He sent a message to the Spaniards to say that he still held the pass for them and all was well. Then in the last week of January the Rifs and the Jabala tribesmen who had thrown in their lot with Abdel Krim and turned on their old master, gathered for the attack on Raisuli's stronghold, Tazrut, the town in the hills.

In the Tomb of His Fathers

The band of the faithful fought fiercely for him, but they were thrust back on the mud walls, and from his house Raisuli, with bitterness in his heart, saw the shattered remnants falling back. From his couch he watched. He could neither walk nor stand, for dropsy had seized him who was once the proudest and most vigorous of men.

When no more could be done he bade his attendants carry him on his couch into the tomb where his fathers lay, and where in the fullness of time he, too, would have rested. There, with the shades of the dead about him, he was, according to the custom of his people, in sanctuary, and there the rebel leaders found him.

Among them was one who for years had stood at Raisuli's right hand. To him the prostrate chief spoke biting words of reproach for his treachery, to which the other responded sullenly that it should have been Raisuli's part to turn against the Spaniards and join the rebels under Abdel Krim.

Spanish Aid Too Late

Raisuli had no answer to that. He knew the ruthlessness of the victor in Morocco, for he had practised it and felt it. There was nothing for him but to beg for his life. From his sanctuary he gave orders that his son, a lad of sixteen, who had been wounded in the fighting, should go with his cousin to Sheshuan and surrender to the brothers of Abdel Krim. They took with them a letter from him to say that only his illness kept him from coming with them to make submission.

Then he turned his face to the wall. That was on the evening of Tuesday. On Wednesday, above the trenches and the mud walls of the stronghold where the wounded Raisuli lay, appeared the Spanish aeroplanes. Their help came too late. The victorious Rif commanders visited Raisuli in his tomb and

MISS ONDA OF OSAKA

A MOST interesting Eastern visitor to this country in the last few months was Miss Onda, who is editor of the woman's section of the Asahi, of Osaka, a newspaper occupying in Japan much the same position that The Times does here.

A C.N. correspondent found Miss Onda to be an extraordinarily bright, keen, and intelligent young woman.

"I am over here to study social and industrial conditions," she said. "In my country the literary members of the staffs of newspapers all do some form of social service as part of their ordinary work. My own work has been to go about lecturing on peace and culture."

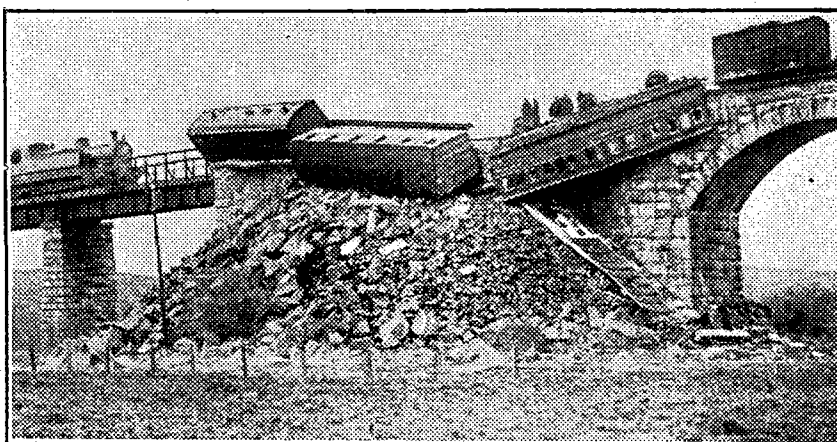
"This is my first visit to England, and I have been much struck by all that I have seen. I think that most of the people seem so happy. In my country you do not see so many smiling faces. And then you are more sincere, you invariably mean what you say. In Japan it is not so; we do not trust a person as readily as you do."

Talking about London, the C.N. representative asked Miss Onda what had impressed her most.

"The smoke," she replied at once.

"English people seem so rich and clever that I cannot imagine why they do not get rid of it. I admire the orderliness of your streets—the way the traffic is controlled is very different in Japan, where there are practically no regulations. The houses are more old-fashioned than I expected, but then ours are made chiefly of paper, and only built to last thirty years, so it seems strange to me to see any much older than that!"

THE TORNADO'S WORK IN BRITAIN



A train blown off a bridge in Ireland



A hall wrecked by the gale in England

The gale which struck the British Isles the other day attained the proportions of a tornado, and the results were amazing, as shown in these pictures. A train was blown off a viaduct in Donegal, and at Aeklington, in Northumberland, the village memorial was wrecked

ordered him to send messages to the Spanish at Tetuan to bid the bombing cease. It was the end.

And what an end! To those who have known Raisuli in the time of his power or his former adversity it seems impossible that no more should be heard of him. He is not yet 55, but for more than thirty years his has been the greatest name in Morocco. He is a descendant of the Prophet; the tomb of his ancestors is a shrine. Early in his life he took to brigandage in the hills. The Sultan Mulai Abdul Aziz outlawed him; he was captured, betrayed by his greatest friend; and for five years he rotted in prison at Mogador. The marks of the chains are still on his ankles and wrists and neck.

Released from prison he found that the friend who had betrayed him was Governor of Tangier and had confiscated all his property. A beggar, Raisuli became a brigand again, with five years' injuries to revenge. All the insurgent spirits of Morocco rallied to

this man who knew neither pity nor compassion; and he fought in turn the Sultan's troops and those of Spain. He was neither to bind nor to hold.

His tribesmen came to the very walls of Tangier. They captured Kaid Sir Harry Maclean, the Sultan's Scottish adviser, and demanded a ransom for him. Raisuli was actually made Governor of Tangier, and but for his tyranny and extortion, which he excused as being the Moorish fashion, might have been there still, a dangerous but powerful watch-dog. But Spain found him too tyrannous or not too obedient and drove him out to his hills once more.

There at last he made peace again, and there a short year ago he was entertaining British travellers and was proposing through them a further enlargement of his powers. There Destiny and a stronger, younger rival have found him out. But, ill and defeated as Raisuli is, few who have known him in the time of his strength can believe that he has yet played his last card.

THE SEA GIVES UP A SECRET

ONE OF NELSON'S SHIPS

The Famous Battle in Which He Did Not See the Signal

SPIRIT OF OUR MEN

The sea keeps her secrets long. Off the western coast of North Jutland it has just yielded up relics of a tragedy of a century ago, when the two English wooden battleships, the St. George and the Defence, went to their doom during a terrific Christmas tempest. Fragments of the Defence have just been washed up and identified.

A thrilling story attaches to that double wreck. To be exact, it was 114 years ago. Captain Atkin of the Defence, learning that the St. George was being hurled shorewards, asked if the admiral had given orders for the two ships to separate. Being informed that he had not, Atkins said, "I never will desert my admiral in the hour of danger and distress."

On the Rocks

Shortly afterwards the Defence struck on the rocks and was dashed to pieces more swiftly than her greater consort. Both ships were utterly destroyed, and of over 1500 men only a handful were saved, cast ashore on pieces of wreckage.

Both vessels had been in perilous plight before, for they were of the fleet by which the fierce Battle of the Baltic was fought, the battle in which Nelson, refusing to obey the command of his admiral to cease action, looked at the signal with a telescope to his blind eye, said *I do not see it*, and gave his own signal for closer action.

Nelson's spirit survived in the gallant Captain Atkin of the Defence, inherited from Grenville, Drake, and Raleigh. He faced the elements as Grenville faced the Spaniards, one ship against 53. When they had fought for 15 hours, and the tiny Revenge was dismasted and all her works shot away, her men nearly all killed or wounded, her powder gone, herself with three feet of water in the hold and reduced to a sinking hulk, the dying Grenville spoke:

*Sink me the ship, Master Gunner—sink her, split her in twain!
Fall into the hands of God, not into the hands of Spain!
And the gunner said, Ay, ay.*

Courage in War and Peace

The Great War showed that the old courage survived undimmed and undiminished in our sailors. Do we not remember that the skipper of one of our trawlers on sentry-go in the Adriatic gravely announced that he and his little cockleshells were blockading the Austrian fleet? And have we forgotten that when our three cruisers the Cressy, the Hogue, and the Aboukir were torpedoed in the North Sea the commander of one of the sinking ships wirelessly to the commander of another not to attempt a rescue lest he, too, should be torpedoed?

Happily this magnificent courage is not reserved only for war. It animates every British crew that sails the wintry seas to bring us food from all lands, raw materials from every climate, and carries mails and passengers to and fro across the world with every tide.

The winds howl and rage, the seas run like fluid mountains, but danger and disaster cannot turn our men from their ocean highways.

A DEEP HOLE IN THE PACIFIC

A Japanese warship has discovered one of the ocean's very deepest spots.

Soundings were being taken about fifty miles off the coast of Japan, when it was found impossible to reach bottom. The lead was dropped nearly 33,000 feet, or well over six miles, without result.

TWO LONDONS

LOOK ON THIS SIDE OF THE THAMES & ON THAT

Why is One a Proud City and the Other a Slum?

A NOBLE OPPORTUNITY ONCE MORE

Over two thousand years ago a prophet in Israel was crying to his people "Break up your fallow ground." Men are crying the same thing today in London.

They mean that London, the most glorious city in the world, is at the same time the most ignoble. Her pride and her disgrace are divided by the Thames. On one bank the river flies flags and is grand; on the other she slinks shamefully by, as much as to say, "Please don't look at me; look at the other side."

The truth is that there are two Londons, north and south of the river.

An Evil Spell

Why should the river thus divide us? What evil spell has fallen on the south side of the Thames? A couple of hundred years ago the Lambeth bank was the haunt of fashionable and gay people. There were gardens, amusements, fairs. Later on the quarter became corrupt and of ill repute. We know what it is now; it is a Slum.

Until a few years ago Lambeth Palace was the only building of any dignity on the south side of the river. Now the L.C.C. have moved across and taken a big sweep of the river front with the fine County Hall.

This work must go on. Why should not the stretch on the south side from Westminster to Blackfriars be as beautiful as the Embankment? There would not be any great difficulty in making the change, for most respectable bodies hold the charter of the lands.

Unightly Warehouses

The County Hall has already got its 350 yards of noble frontage. Then come Jesus College, Oxford, with 200 yards, the Ecclesiastical Commissioners with 250 yards, the Duchy of Cornwall with 400 yards. Think what might be done with that stretch of the river, now a mass of most unsightly warehouses and river yards!

A fine start is being made by the removal into the country of Bethlem Royal Hospital, which lies almost within a stone's throw of the Mother of Parliaments in her home across the river. This is the oldest hospital in the world for the treatment of the mind diseased.

It was founded in Bishopsgate in the 13th century, and moved in the 17th to Moorfields, where the lunatics were chained to the walls for holiday-makers to see. The building now to be removed was set up about a hundred years ago, its dome being added by Smirke in 1846.

The Very Centre of London

The tract where "Bedlam" stands is actually in the very centre of London. There should be a speedy end to the disgrace which fronts us when we realise what an unworthy tract it is. The site of the hospital will make an excellent starting place for the rebuilding of South London. Acres of slums and poor streets can be removed. Here at once comes the question of money.

When the city was destroyed in the Great Fire of London in 1666, Wren had a magnificent plan for rebuilding which was thwarted largely by people asserting their individual rights. Each man wanted his house and shop just where it was before. There were no funds to draw on for compensation, and therefore London City grew up higgledy-piggledy, anyhow. And now, after two centuries, we are spending millions in laying out some of the wide city streets Wren planned.

This disgrace should not happen twice in our history. Individual interests are for a generation, the State is for all time, and the State should see that the

A MAN OF 100 BOOKS

His Nation Celebrates His Birthday

MAURICE JOKAI

Hungary has been celebrating the hundredth anniversary of the birth, on February 19, 1825, of her most widely famous novelist Maurice Jokai, who died twenty years ago.

There are many reasons why Hungary should keep Jokai's memory green. The Hungarians are a proud race, with a strong sense of family importance, and Jokai was descended from famous stocks on both his father's and his mother's side.

But from early youth he made his mark by his own gifts. By the time he was 21 he had written a successful play, a romance which was recognised as a work of genius, and had become the editor of a newspaper of high repute.

Then Hungary rose demanding liberty in the year of revolutions (1848), and Jokai instantly took his stand on the popular side. He had now married, at 23, the most popular tragic actress in his country, a woman of a strain as heroic as his own. The movement towards national liberty, led by Kossuth, was crushed, and Jokai's life was only saved by the cleverness of his wife in securing his escape.

World-Wide Reputation

The Hungarian language was now frowned upon officially by Austria, but Jokai made it the vehicle of a series of fine stories and of almost every kind of literary composition. When his country attained independence jointly with Austria by taking the Austrian Emperor as her king, Jokai came into official favour and sat in Parliament for many years—first as a member of the lower house and then of the upper house.

His name now became known throughout Europe. Of his more than 100 volumes no fewer than 25 were translated into English. Among them A Hungarian Nabob, Black Diamonds (a coal-mining story), and the historical Golden Age of Transylvania will live in the minds of many readers.

Hungary may well be proud of the writer who, more than any other, including her popular poet Petöfi, spread her literary influence through Europe, and deserved as well as won a world-wide reputation.

KAPOK

No Relation to Kodak

Kapok has only come into use in the last fifteen or twenty years.

Its curious name hardly suggests what it is—a long, light, silky, waterproof fibre, which is invaluable as a stuffing for mattresses and cushions. It is so light that it can be used for making life-belts, for it will bear over thirty times its own weight in water. It can be woven into a shiny elastic fabric.

Kapok comes from a beautiful tall evergreen tree which grows in the West Indies, and elsewhere in the tropics, especially French West Africa. The tree is a hundred feet high and has yellow flowers coated with silky wool.

The capsules, like those of the cotton plant, are filled with silky filaments attached to the seeds. These filaments are the Kapok of commerce. The trade in it is becoming a very big one.

Continued from the previous column

money side of these great schemes is properly handled.

Before this labour of rebuilding London's centre is accomplished, large funds will have to be sunk and valuable time will pass before they begin to yield a working revenue. Let the State advance the interest on the money lent. The money will then be subscribed ten times over, and the good work can go on. Our disgrace will be removed, our fallow ground will be broken up, and our Imperial city across the river will be no longer a reproach.

DEAR BREAD

Will It Be Dearer Still?

WHY WE MUST LOOK AHEAD

Why is bread dear? Many reasons are being given to the public, but few of them are true.

For example, it is said that speculation is the cause, but the truth is that speculation is a consequence of wheat shortage, not its cause. If the world were producing more wheat than it wanted, or even as much as it wanted, there would be little or no speculation.

Then it is said that wheat is dear because Russia was a big supplier before the war and now has no wheat to sell. But the truth about that is that before the war Russia was an unreliable supplier that could never be depended upon. Thus in the seven years 1907-1914 Russia failed four times.

What, then, is the truth about wheat? It is that every year the world has more mouths to feed, that every year the standard of life is rising, that every year people are demanding more and better foods, but that supply is not keeping pace with demand.

Demand Greater than Supply

This was true before the war. Prices were steadily rising, and would have continued to rise if the war had not occurred. The war made matters worse. Bread is dear because the demand is greater than the supply.

And the world will continue to demand more wheat. Poor countries are beginning to import wheat. Even China and Japan are joining in the demand for imported corn. Therefore the world must set to work to grow more wheat.

We of the British Empire can do much more because we have such splendid territories to develop. These new lands need more settlers, and they are not receiving them in sufficient numbers. Canada, Australia, New Zealand, and parts of Africa must be developed as granaries, but that cannot be done without taking thought and exercising foresight.

If wheat production does not greatly increase bread may become dearer still. A good harvest this year may lower prices at the end of the year, but we cannot afford to leave things to chance.

A MERCHANT AND A MAN

Great Gift to a Town

HOW A YORKSHIRE BOY ROSE TO POWER

One would suppose that a man who had already given to the town of his adoption £10,000 for an art gallery and £10,000 for a technical college had done as much as was to be hoped for in the way of princely gifts. Yet Mr. T. R. Ferens, one of Hull's most splendid citizens, has just announced a third gift of £250,000 towards the establishment of a university college in the town.

Such a college will require a million pounds to equip it properly, so there is plenty of scope for the generosity of other Hull citizens. A university college is not a university, as some of the papers seem to suppose; that can only be created by Parliament. But if the college proves worthy of the honour it will doubtless, like its Yorkshire neighbours, be made the seat of a university.

Mr. Ferens is one of our merchant princes, and his life is an inspiration to all boys. He has made himself a great man. Beginning life as the son of a Durham miller, he started work as a shorthand clerk in the famous works of Messrs. Reckitt; and now, after fifty years, he is its managing director.

We like the slogan he gave somebody the other day, when he declared that "Brains, not bricks, are my concern." Mr. Ferens was a member of Parliament for East Hull for a dozen years, and has been President of the World's Sunday School Union. Many noble causes have found a friend in Mr. Ferens, whose heart is even bigger than his purse.

THE LEAGUE THAT NEVER SLEEPS

What It Is Doing

THIS MONTH'S BUSY PROGRAMME

Much valuable work is to be done this month by the League of Nations.

Last spring the C.N. told of the League's decision to set up in the Far East a bureau to warn the people when cholera or plague was on the march. The bureau begins its work this month in Singapore, where a conference is to be held at which the chief health officials of the surrounding countries will decide what it is to do.

Health and Armaments

The League's Health Committee is also to start a course of practical study of hygiene, sanitation, and so on, in England by health administrators from a dozen different countries, including Germany, Russia, and the United States.

Then a commission is to draw up a convention for controlling the private manufacture of arms and munitions, and this convention will be presented to an all-world conference.

Another commission is to decide the wisest steps to be taken in the investigation by the Council into the armaments of Germany, Austria, Bulgaria, and Hungary, when such investigation may be necessary.

To Help International Trade

The Economic Committee is to consider whether it is possible for countries to modify or abolish the restrictions which so greatly hamper both their imports and exports.

Official experts of various nationalities have been considering a difficult question of income-tax, the tax which is sometimes paid twice over by people who have belongings in a country other than that in which they live, and sometimes not paid at all for the same reason. What action should be taken is to be decided by the League's Finance Committee.

Whether the calendar is to be changed or not is another problem which may get nearer a settlement this month. Many Governments and the big religious denominations have answered the questions sent to them by the League's Secretariat, and these answers will be studied by a specially chosen committee. The first meeting for dealing with Child Welfare comes this month, which means a further widening of the League's sphere of usefulness.

Greece and Turkey

At The Hague the International Court is holding a special session to decide whether thousands of human beings are to be turned out of house and home. These are the Greeks in Constantinople, who, by the terms of the Treaty of Lausanne, are to be exchanged for Turks living in Greece unless they were already established there before October, 1918. The Court has to decide upon the exact meaning of the word "established," so that there may be fair play in the carrying out of the treaty.

Such a programme for one month is sufficient answer to any who imagine that the League is "doing nothing"!

ENGINES FOR THE CLOUDS

Last Word in Mechanics

The engines on the airship Z R 3, built recently in Germany for America, are the last word in mechanics. They automatically stop when the oil-pressure at important bearings gets too low for safety. Arrangements are also made to treat the water ballast with chemicals so that it will not freeze at great heights.

WONDERS GREATER YET

THE WIRELESS OF TOMORROW

Heat and Cold and Light and
Power to Come from Space

THE KITCHEN OF THE FUTURE

To feel an icy blast pouring out of the loud speaker as well as to hear the words that issue from it, both sent from a broadcasting station miles away—that indeed does sound like a fairy tale of science. Yet it is possible. It is even promised.

A Scandinavian inventor is said to have made valves which will transmit the vibrations of heat as they now transmit vibrations of sound. On the wire we know it is possible. A switch is turned and electric energy sent from a power station sets the glow lamp alight, or warms the room through the electric heater, or sets the electric fan whirling to cool the air.

The use of the wire is to direct the light, power, heat, or cold to the place where they should go. The aim of wireless is to direct these forms of electrical energy without wires.

Electric Furnaces

Already the valves that are employed in wireless for rectifying or amplifying the electricity which passes through them are being used in electric furnaces. Professor Desch, of Sheffield University, has just described a wireless-valve furnace for melting alloys, which is to be used in Sheffield works. It is a form of that kind of electric furnace which, by inducing high frequency electricity to oscillate through a metal placed in the crucible, makes it hotter and hotter till it melts, even though the crucible itself is only half heated. The wireless valve manipulates the electric energy in a similar way.

At present the distance over which such wireless energy will work is short, because the wireless wave spreads and is dissipated and wasted. When the day comes that it can be directed, the artificer may be able to tune in with his broadcasting station to receive the heat for his welding. Or, on a lower scale, the cook may wirelessly obtain heat to cook the joint, and then switch on cold to make ices for dessert. A wonderful place will be the kitchen of the future!

THE MAGIC PILLAR-BOX

A Book Charles Lamb Would Have Liked

Turning over the pages of a new book we noticed these lines:

She found the door—she found Fairyland.
Remember, what has happened once can
happen again.

Nothing could be more true. Those who open the door of The Little Round House, by Marion St. John Webb (Stanley Paul, 5s.), will certainly find Fairyland, and—well, what has happened once can happen again.

Here is a handsome volume of 255 pages, packed with delightful pictures. On page after page we meet with merry and memorable rhymes.

The littlest ones will want the story read to them repeatedly. Older children will thoroughly enjoy the book. Grown-ups will be unable to withhold their tribute to the sympathetic insight and finely imaginative gifts that have gone to the making of such a beautiful story about such an apparently matter-of-fact incident as that of a little boy being sent out to post a letter.

We should like to quote one of the little lyrics, but can spare space for only two lines.

For every time we sing a song
It helps the world to dance along.

Charles Lamb would have been glad to read this book.

DRIVING A RIVER THROUGH THE HILLS

New Zealand Makes a Waterfall

NATURE TO DO HER WORK

New Zealand has been celebrating a red-letter day in her history, and a remarkable engineering feat.

The biggest electrical generating station in the Dominion has just been opened, providing nearly 30,000 horse-power for the use of the people of North Island. To make it the course of the Mangahao River, a tributary of the Manawatu, had to be shortened.

This was done by diverting the river from the main ridge of the Tararua Range by means of tunnels, and a great waterfall was formed with a drop of 900 feet. The dam above it, which holds back the river, is 400 feet long, 100 feet high, and 95 feet thick at the base.

Yet even this huge undertaking will soon be dwarfed, for the station at Lake Coleridge is to be improved to produce 36,000 horse-power, and one is to be built on the Waikato River with a capacity of 60,000 horse-power.

The Government is determined to bring New Zealand prosperity from her water power.

ALADDIN'S LAMP OF THE DEEP SEA

Light for Treasure Seekers

One of the greatest difficulties to overcome in deep-sea diving is the pressure of the water on the ocean bed; another is the pitchy darkness in the depths.

News came the other day that the salvage steamer Blakely had recovered copper worth £120,000 from the British frigate Cape Horn, which was wrecked 56 years ago off the coast of Chile. Though the Blakely's commander, Captain Levitt, had invented a high-pressure diving suit in which divers could work at depths of over 350 feet, several previous attempts to bring up the treasure had failed owing to the gloom of the water far below the surface.

It was not till the Westinghouse Lamp Company invented powerful incandescent lamps for deep-sea work that the efforts of the divers were successful; then they brought up the copper in nine months.

Captain Levitt now hopes to make an attempt to salvage the treasure of the Lusitania, at a depth of 256 feet.

QUICK CEMENT

More Rapid Construction

A British firm has produced a new Portland cement which dries with remarkable rapidity.

It is said that it sets hard so quickly that concrete made with it gives a greater strength in two days than ordinary Portland cement does in 28.

This is a valuable quality for many purposes. For example, when roads are re-made the public is greatly inconvenienced by the operations. By using this quick-setting cement underneath, paving blocks can be laid on the concrete foundation the day after the foundation is made. The Westminster City Council has adopted the material in the repair of Piccadilly.

A GOOD IDEA ON THE TRAMS

Automatic Maps

An interesting and novel device has been proving helpful to passengers on a section of the North London tramways.

Mechanical route-charts have been placed in the cars which show exactly where the tram is at the moment. The route is shown on the chart for half a mile in advance, and all that the passengers have to do is to watch till a pointer comes to their stopping places.

Churches, schools, museums, and so on, are all shown on the charts.

C.N. QUESTION BOX

All questions must be asked on postcards; one question on each card, with name and address. The Editor regrets that it is not possible to answer all the questions sent in.

What are the Colours of the Rainbow?

They are the seven colours of the solar spectrum, namely violet, indigo, blue, green, yellow, orange, and red.

What is a Comptometer?

A complicated little machine that works out the most intricate calculations. It is based on the decimal system and is much used in mercantile offices.

What is the Latin Union?

The union between France, Belgium, Switzerland, and Italy for a uniform monetary system, established in 1865. Greece was admitted in 1868.

Who Wrote the Metrical Version of the Hundredth Psalm?

The version beginning "All people that on Earth do dwell" is of uncertain authorship, but it appeared first in the Psalter published in London by John Day in 1560.

What Does a Stroke Over a Roman Numeral Mean?

It means that the number represented by the letter is increased a thousandfold; thus D standing for 500 is 500,000 when it has a stroke over it, not 5000 as stated by a slip in this column recently.

What is a Public School?

This is an elastic term, and there is no hard and fast definition. It is usually employed, however, to describe one of the larger endowed boarding schools, preparing pupils for the universities or public services, and often maintaining its discipline with the aid of the pupils themselves.

Why is Constitution Hill, London, So Called?

A map of 1724 marks it as Constitution Hill, and it is said to have been so named, because John Sheffield, Duke of Buckingham, took his daily constitutional walk there while living at Buckingham House, on the site of the present Buckingham Palace.

Why is an Iceberg Fresh and the Sea Around Salt?

Because when a solution of salt freezes, it is the water and not the salt that crystallises. As more and more water becomes frozen the liquid left becomes more and more salt, as the salt excluded by the frozen water is dissolved in the remaining liquid.

Who Painted Hope, and What Does It Mean?

George Frederick Watts, O.M., who died in 1904, was the artist. The figure that sits upon the world, though blindfolded and with only one unbroken string to her harp, still listens hopefully for the beauty of the music. It is a splendid symbolic picture of the optimism of hope.

Which Letters of the Alphabet are Most Frequently Used?

E holds first place, being far oftener used than any other letter. T, s, a, i, and r come next, being in the second group; d, h, n, o, c, and u are in the third place; l and m are in the fourth place; f, g, y, v, p, w, and b fifth; j and k sixth, and z, q, and x last.

Why Was the Name of St. Petersburg Changed?

St. Petersburg is a German form, and when the Great War came, from patriotic motives the Russians gave their capital the same name in the Russian form, Petrograd. Later, after the revolution, it was again renamed Leningrad (Lenin's town), after Lenin, and that is its present official name.

Are Certain Dates Missing in the Years 1751 and 1752?

Yes; the Gregorian Calendar was not adopted in England until 1752, when the error in the Julian Calendar was eleven days. These were cut out between September 2 and 14, and as the legal year before 1752 began on March 25, 1751 is minus the days of the months of January and February and 24 days of March, while 1752 is minus September 3 to 13 inclusive.

A PERPETUAL STAR-CALENDAR FREE

With this week's Children's Pictorial is given away free a wonderful Chart of the Sky, which can be made up into the form of a cone, and when the dots representing stars are pricked with a pin we have a miniature replica of the heavens which can be studied indoors. It will act as a perfect guide to the principal constellations and stars, and is something quite unique in astronomical charts. It forms, indeed, a perpetual star-calendar. Ask your news-agent for this week's Children's Pictorial—2d.

SEEING THE PAST

A WONDER OF TIME AND SPACE

How to Watch an Eclipse that Happened 84 Years Ago

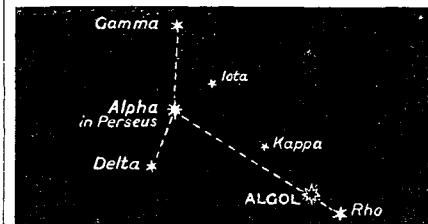
SHINING STAR'S DARK COMPANION

By Our Astronomical Correspondent

Two very convenient opportunities will occur next week for observing another partial eclipse in the heavens, one on Monday night and the other on Thursday evening.

These eclipses actually occurred 84 years ago, but owing to the time light takes to reach us from distant space we are only seeing them now.

The scene of this "coming eclipse of long ago" can be easily found. If the observer faces due south, and looks high up to almost overhead, but a little to the right or west of the zenith, the



The chief stars of Perseus showing Algol

constellation of Perseus will be seen. Its stars are arranged as shown in our star map, which, however, only includes the seven brightest in the constellation.

Now, the distant sun to be partially eclipsed is the star named Algol, and the great, dark, and distant world that is going to provide this celestial vision, will reveal its existence twice during next week by partly obscuring Algol.

It will be interesting, if weather permits, to observe both eclipses, for, in the interim of but 2 days 20 hours and 49 minutes, that great world whirls right round Algol, and is back again, to come between us and that far-off sun once more.

In this short time it has travelled about 13 million miles; and, according to expert calculation, this great world, this dark companion to Algol, is over a million times the size of our Earth, Algol himself being rather more than a million miles in diameter, about one-fifth more than our Sun.

Algol should be first observed on Saturday or Sunday evening so as to see the star in its full brilliance. At its brightest, it will be almost as bright as the star Alpha in Perseus. On Monday the eclipse will have begun before the sky is dark, having started about five o'clock, but from then until about twenty minutes past nine that great dark world will be getting farther in between us and Algol, until only a sixth of Algol's light will be reaching us.

A Star's Light Dimmed

Algol will then appear of only the fourth magnitude, and about as bright as the star marked Kappa in the map.

It will remain thus for about twenty minutes, and only about the same proportion of Algol will be presented towards us as was the case with our Sun, when eclipsed by the Moon on January 24 last.

In the course of the next 3½ hours, the dark obscuring globe will gradually move away, till by 1 a.m. the star will have regained its normal brightness of second magnitude. It will remain thus until, by about 6 p.m. on Thursday, that dark globe will have travelled round Algol and got between us once more.

Owing to twilight, it will not be seen so well until a little later in the evening; then once more we shall observe what took place 84 years ago—that wonderful and mysterious world, 5,518,000 times as far away as our Sun, will come between us and Algol. G. F. M.

Other Worlds. In the morning, Jupiter south-east, Saturn south. In the evening, Mars south-west.

THE WIZARD OF KANDARA

A Story of Adventure
in Wildest Africa

Told by Major
Charles Gilson

What Has Happened Before

John Fountain and his young companion Neil Ranson meet Idina, a native of Kandara, a city hidden among the mountains of Africa, the people of which are descended from the Ancient Egyptians.

With Idina they go to the city to rescue a well-known explorer, Henry Tremayne, who is held prisoner by Punhri, the High Priest. Disguised as Queen Zarasis, Neil refuses to sign the death warrant of Tremayne.

Punhri then revives the worship of Moloch, and tells the people that the Fire God demands Tremayne as a sacrifice, but the Queen forbids this. By a trick Punhri throws Tremayne and the Queen into a well, but they escape by swimming through a tunnel into a lake.

CHAPTER 15

Civil War

TREMAYNE took the Queen's hands in his and rubbed them vigorously, to cause the blood to circulate, and was presently rewarded by the flicker of an eyelid, a sure sign that Zarasis was coming round to consciousness.

Tremayne knew now that he had no time to spare. He must hasten to the Palace with all speed; for soon Punhri and his people would come forth from the Temple of the Sun. Lifting the Queen in his arms, he ran like a madman, through the wide, deserted streets of that wondrous city.

Fortunately it was but a short distance to the Palace, and the young Queen was but a feather-weight to carry. With long strides, dressed in his lion's skin, Henry Tremayne dashed through the streets in the broad light of day.

Suddenly he was brought to a standstill. He stood quite motionless, listening, at first unable to explain the meaning of what he heard.

From the direction of the Temple of the Sun there came the noise of tumult and confusion: loud shouts, cries of panic, and the furious clash of arms.

The valiant Dario and his men had struck to avenge the Queen. The captain of the Bodyguard had seen the Queen hurl herself to what had looked like certain death, in a vain attempt to save the life of one whom she openly declared she loved.

Punhri, on the spur of the moment, had tried to save the situation. Clever as a serpent, quick as a bird of prey, he had striven to throw the whole responsibility for what had happened upon the false god in whom he would have the citizens believe.

"Moloch has answered!" he cried. "Moloch himself has decreed that not only the White Wizard, but Zarasis herself, must die."

"Then," roared Dario, "thou too shalt die, and by this sword that has served me faithfully for near a score of years."

So crying, he rushed upon the High Priest, who fled in fear before him. And in a moment there was uproar and disorder.

The citizens rose from their seats; and many of these who were armed hastened to the aid of the Wizard.

Punhri was surrounded by his civic guards and the priests of the various temples, all of whom—though this was a religious ceremony—now drew swords from beneath their priestly robes.

And at that hour began the civil war. The conflict in the arena of the Temple of the Sun was the beginning of hostilities that endured for many weeks.

The men of the Bodyguard fought bravely for Zarasis; but they were outnumbered by more than twenty to one, and there was a time when they were actually surrounded by their enemies.

Dario was an experienced

commander who knew that, if the victory was to be gained, he must fight on ground of his own choosing. No place in the city was more suitable for a prolonged defence than the Royal Palace itself.

But not until he was compelled to do so did he give the order to retire. And then he and his men fought their way out from the Temple, and thence through the city streets.

It was the sound of the fighting in the Temple that had attracted the attention of Tremayne. He well knew his way about Kandara, for he had now lived in the place for more than two years, and was able to speak the language fluently. Quite suddenly the street in front of him became thronged with people, those who were afraid of bloodshed, and had hastened in panic from the scene of the conflict.

Many of these recognised Tremayne at once, as the White Wizard who had been for many weeks imprisoned in the Castle. They set up a great cry of astonishment when they beheld him; for they believed that with their own eyes they had seen him perish.

For a moment Tremayne placed the Queen upon her feet. She was able to stand, though she leaned for support against a pillar. A youth came running past, and Tremayne caught him by the throat.

"Tell me," he demanded, "what has happened in the Temple of the Sun? Is Dario victorious, or has Punhri won the day?"

The youth, who was terrified out of his life, blurted out the truth. "To the Palace!" cried Tremayne. "We must gain the Palace, before it is too late!"

Again snatching up the Queen, he hastened upon his way; and, even as he reached the Palace gates, he came upon two soldiers, wearing the armour of the Bodyguard.

One of these was a youth; the other was bearded, and, though he was small in stature, the muscles on his bare arms were like strands of whipcord. He was wizened and thin, but, in spite of middle-age, sinewy and wiry.

It was this man who addressed Tremayne in English—his mother tongue that he had not heard for years. It was as if he had heard a voice from the dead.

"Henry Tremayne!" cried John Fountain. "You and I parted company, some years ago, at the mouth of the Zambesi!"

Tremayne stood staring at the other in a dazed manner, like one who is unable to believe the evidence of his eyes and of his ears.

"Who, in the name of all that is wonderful, are you?" he asked.

"John Fountain," said the hunter, with a laugh. "And this is my young friend Neil Ranson, whose father you also knew."

There came a howl behind them, like that of a pack of wolves, as the mob surged into the main street. Looking back, they beheld the armed priests, shrieking like fanatics, all frenzied with excitement and the lust to kill.

"Come!" said Tremayne. "This is no time for talk!"

Still carrying the Queen, and followed by Fountain and Neil, he passed into the Palace.

CHAPTER 16

Trapped

AND now began the siege of the Royal Palace of Kandara. That evening Punhri had assembled without the Palace walls a great mob of people, priests, and civic soldiers, who watched the gates by day and night, though they did not dare to attack for fear of Dario and his men.

The Wizard felt quite certain of his ground. He was content to bide his time. He knew that every day the palace was invested Zarasis must lose more and more of her authority. It was known

that the Queen had been saved by the prisoner who had now escaped from the Castle on the lake; for both had been seen by many people in the public streets.

But Zarasis was now a queen only in name. The people could not be expected to honour a sovereign who remained a prisoner in her own palace.

Punhri did not fear Tremayne, for long since the white man had been deprived of his arms, his rifle and revolver. In one respect only were the calculations of the High Priest at fault; he had not the least idea that there were also with the Queen two other white men who were armed with firearms, which they well knew how to use.

Zarasis having been saved at the eleventh hour by the great strength and prowess of Tremayne, Punhri was determined not to fail a second time. As before, he made his plans with almost fiendish ingenuity, while in the carrying out of them he displayed courage and a total disregard of his own life that even his bitterest enemies could not fail to admire.

Of what these plans exactly were, those within the Palace had no idea. Tremayne was now quartered in the same suite of rooms as John Fountain and Neil. Seldom did a day pass that they did not see Zarasis, though Dario's visits were few and far between, for he was continually on duty at the gates and at the outer walls.

For the first week or so there was little or no danger.

"Keep your firearms," Dario had said to John Fountain, "until the crisis comes. It may be that loyalty and common sense will yet win the day by peaceful means."

"The gods forbid that there shall be further bloodshed," said Idina.

"And so say I," said Dario, "though I would that the Queen would order me to sally forth and put these rascals to the sword."

"I know Punhri to be a man of infinite resource," said Tremayne. "He will not rest until he sits upon the throne. Things have already come to such a pass that he will stick at nothing. Mark my words, sooner or later he will devise some means of battering down the walls."

"Then," said Dario, "shall we fight to the last man, even in the Palace itself. We either save the throne, or die for Queen Zarasis."

Henry Tremayne laughed. "Punhri will be no such fool," said he. "He knows that in these courtyards and passages the rabble he commands will never hold their own against the trained warriors of the Bodyguard."

"Let him risk it if he will," said Dario. "We have, as you know, a surprise in store for him."

Since Neil Ranson and John Fountain knew less of Punhri than the others, they came in a

little time to look upon the siege as a farce. Certainly they could not leave the Palace; but, so far as that was concerned, they were no worse off than they had been.

Tremayne had now heard from Fountain the whole story of their journey through the forest and across the mountains; and he was not slow to express his gratitude.

Even Dario appeared almost insignificant beside Tremayne, who was gigantically proportioned. And yet, in some respects, when they stood side by side, they were a well-matched pair; the one fair in colouring and huge; the other black and ferocious-looking, at one moment boisterous, at another surly as a bear. They were like Ajax and Hercules; a Titan and a giant.

During the third week of the siege increased activity took place outside the Palace walls. Punhri's men dragged to the gates certain light battering-rams, used in warfare to destroy the stockades of the savage tribes who lived beyond the mountains.

Fearing that the enemy might attempt an assault, Dario was seldom absent from the walls; but three days passed and nothing but desultory skirmishing took place.

The three Europeans, having talked late one night, lay down to sleep shortly before midnight. They no longer enjoyed the luxuries with which they had formerly been regaled, since the Palace was running short of provisions. However, they were well cared for in every way, and treated with the greatest consideration, the Queen's servants being in constant attendance upon them, except at night, when they were left alone in the suite of rooms allotted to them.

Neil Ranson was the first to be awakened by such a noise and commotion as caused him to believe that the long-expected attack was actually taking place. Though it was the early hours of the morning, the mob was evidently gathered in force at each of the Palace gates, where there was loud shouting, punctuated from time to time by the heavy thuds of the battering-rams at work.

John Fountain and Tremayne were soon on their feet; and it was then that from the tower of a neighbouring temple they heard the loud voice of a priest. Tremayne, who understood the language, could hear every word distinctly from a window that was not more than two hundred yards from the tower.

O People of Kandara, the priest announced, the Queen is mad. Queen Zarasis is bewitched. Black magic is at work. Before dawn she dies. This very night Zarasis leaves the world.

Great gongs were sounding everywhere. Sentinel priests upon the roofs of the various temples were shouting the same cry. Even from within the Palace people could be heard hurrying through the streets, demanding of one another the cause of the disturbance.

Tremayne swung round from the window and faced his two companions.

"There is mischief here!" he cried. "Punhri at last shows his hand."

John Fountain stroked his grizzled beard.

"You're right," he answered. "The man would never dare predict the death of the Queen if he had not some plan. We may be certain Zarasis is in danger."

Tremayne snatched up a great sword and turned towards the door.

"We must hasten to her aid," said he. "There is no one with her but her women. Bring your revolvers, and see that they are loaded. If by any chance Punhri has broken into the Palace, the three of us will see to it that he receives the shock of his life."

He rushed to the door, seized the handle, and made several vain attempts to open it.

"Merciful powers!" he cried. "We're locked in! We are trapped like rats!"

TO BE CONTINUED

Who Was He?

A Brave Poet

A BOY who was born in Hertfordshire in the first half of the eighteenth century and grew up to be one of England's greatest poets, had a very sad life, for, being of a very sensitive nature, he suffered much from the rough treatment of other boys in youth, and when he became a man he was tormented by gloom and religious despair, which greatly affected his mind.

Yet he wrote some of our sweetest and most playful poetry, and his letters, of which large numbers have come down to us, are among the most delightful ever penned.

At Westminster School, where among his schoolfellows was Warren Hastings, he suffered much from the cruelty of boys older than himself, who took a delight in tormenting him, and he has told us about a lad of 15 who acted towards him with peculiar barbarity. "I well remember being afraid to lift my eyes upon him higher than his knees, and I knew him better by his shoe buckles than by any other part of his dress."

When he grew up he was articled to a solicitor, and later became a barrister. His cousin, who was Clerk of the Parliament, offered him a clerkship in the House of Lords, but when he found that this involved a brief examination before the Bar of the House, he was altogether unmannered with fear, believed everyone was against him, and tried to kill himself.

So unkind was his mind that for a time he had to go into a private asylum, and after coming out he lived in the household of a clergyman, devoting himself almost entirely to religion. When the clergyman died the poet moved to a Buckinghamshire village with the widow, and that place has become famous for all time as his residence.

There he came under the influence of another strong-minded clergyman, and together they published a collection of hymns, of which the poet wrote many.

After the clergyman moved to London, the poet remained in Buckinghamshire, and, though he had periods of great melancholy, he became brighter in spirit and did much of his best work. One of his poems is among the most famous humorous poetry in the English language, and is known and loved by all boys and girls. With so much to fight against, his was a wonderfully brave spirit.

Later, however, his fits of depression grew more intense, and again he tried to kill himself. Then his friend, the clergyman's

widow, died, which added to his sorrow, and soon afterwards he himself passed away peacefully at East Dereham, in Norfolk, to which place he had moved. Here is his portrait. Who was he?



FREE TODAY

WITH THIS WEEK'S

CHILDREN'S PICTORIAL

Now on Sale, 2d.

A Novel

STAR CALENDAR and Chart of the Sky

When folded into the shape of a cone this will enable any boy or girl to read the stars at any period of the year.

Buy a copy TODAY



Our Mother Earth Has Room for All



DI MERRYMAN

A YOUNG man who looked very bored was lounging on a seat in the park. Presently a keeper passed near him.

"Tell me, my good man," he said, "is there anything fresh about here?"

"No, sir," replied the keeper; "nothing but the paint on the seat you are sitting on."

What Am I?

I AM not of flesh and blood,
Yet have I many a rib.
No limbs except one leg,
'Tis truth and not a fib.

My friends are many, and dwell
In lands of every race.
But they poke my nose in the mud,
And often spatter my face.

I'm constantly carried about,
And stuck in gutter and rut;
And although I've no window or door,
Yet I'm very frequently shut.

Answer next week

WHAT is the difference between a rowing boat and a liner?
One is propelled by its crew and the other by its screw.

The Safety First Alphabet



O IS for Omnibus, modern and fast;
Don't step from the pavement until it has passed.



P IS for Platform, the place to remain
Until it is time to get into the train.

WHAT is that from which we can take away the whole and yet some remains?

The word wholesome.

The Next Best Thing

A N absent-minded professor was deep in his work when his wife called out to him:

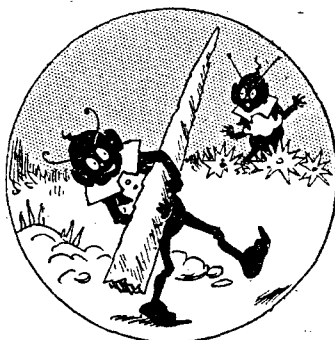
"Henry! Baby has swallowed all the ink in the inkpot! Whatever shall we do?"

"Write with a pencil, I suppose," was the dreamy reply.

WHEN is a five-pound note of no value?

When compared with a ten-pound note it is worth-less.

Perishable



A FROSTY night brought icicles,
And at the dawn of day
A foolish Brownie broke one off
And carried it away.

"Ice-cream in August!" he exclaimed,
And gave a joyful leap;
He quite forgot that ice is not
A thing that one can keep!

Is Your Name Millward?

THIS name, like Millard, is derived from the old Anglo-Saxon word mylenward, meaning the official in charge of the lord's mill, and no doubt an ancestor of the Millards and Millwards held such a post. The official title would, after a time, become a surname, and so descended to the children.

Speaking from Experience

A KANGAROO hopped o'er the plain,
Leaping high and then dropping again,
And he panted, "Oh, dear,
It is perfectly clear
That life's all ups and downs, in the main!"

Thoroughly Comfortable

"MABEL says she loves frost and snow—she never feels cold."
"She wouldn't."
"Why wouldn't she?"
"Oh, well, my dear, because she is always so completely wrapped up in herself."

ANSWERS TO LAST WEEK'S PUZZLES

Reheaded Word. Chair, hair, air.

A Puzzle in Rhyme. Spur-I.O.U.-s.

Cross Word Puzzle

ACROSS.—1. All. 3. Bit. 6. Ode. 7. Am. 9. Tor. 11. Awa'. 12. Fiat. 14. Mat. 16. Le. 17. Seldom. 19. To. 20. Ta. 21. S.E. 22. Ob. 24. Lamb. 26. Item. 28. Also. 29. Flea. 31. Co. 32. On. 34. Et. 36. Or. 38. Nobody. 41. B.A. 42. Out. 44. Rene. 45. Rep. 46. Tim. 48. Ye. 49. Sod. 50. Ted. 51. Cod. DOWN.—1. Ada. 2. Le. 4. It. 5. Tom. 6. Owe. 7. Ails. 8. Made. 10. Rat. 11. Alt. 12. "F.E." (Lord Birkenhead). 13. To. 15. Tot. 17. Samson. 18. Motley. 20. Talc. 23. Beet. 24. La. 25. Bo! 26. If. 27. M.A. 30. Too. 32. Obey. 33. None. 35. Tap. 37. Rat. 39. Or. 40. De. 41. Bed. 43. Tit. 45. Rod. 47. Me. 49. So.

Jacko Makes a Mistake

MRS. JACKO was very worried when the rate-collector called. Mr. Jacko was out, and, as she said, she had no head for figures herself.

And the rate-collector happened to be a most disagreeable man. He eyed Mrs. Jacko suspiciously; and said he had heard that story before. And he sat down heavily on a chair and banged his fist on the table.

"There's no getting round me," he said. "I'll wait till your husband comes back, Ma'am."

Mrs. Jacko was in a fix. She was expecting some friends in to tea, and there was the rate-collector firmly established in the best parlour. He had got out his pipe and was making himself thoroughly at home.

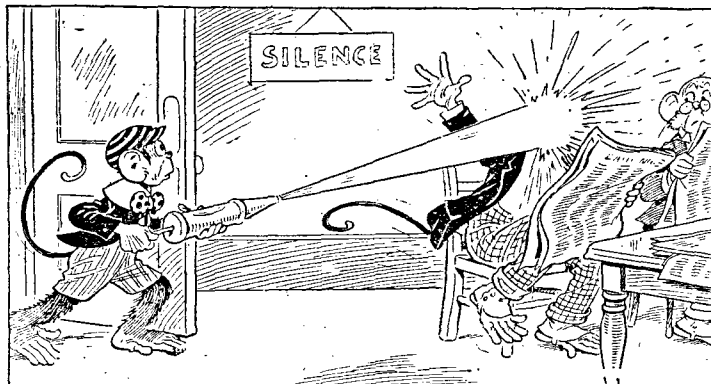
"You'd better see if you can find your father," she said to Jacko. "He's somewhere down the town."

Jacko was off like a shot. There was nothing he liked better than a chance of hanging round the shops.

Nobody had seen Mr. Jacko, however, except the tobacconist. "Seen your Dad?" he said kindly. "Well, I had the pleasure of serving him a few minutes ago, and off he went across the road to the Library."

Jacko's face fell. He had hoped to have a much longer hunt than that.

But when he trotted into the Library Mr. Jacko was nowhere to be seen. He wasn't among the people looking at the books



A stream of liquid shot across the room

on the shelves, and Jacko was just going out again when he caught sight of him through a glass door. He was sitting in the reading-room, with a newspaper held up in front of him.

Jacko didn't like the look of the room at all. There was a big notice up, saying SILENCE, and lots of other people were sitting there reading, mostly fierce-looking old gentlemen.

"Coo! I'm not going in there," said Jacko to himself.

He tried knocking at the door, but nobody took the slightest notice of him. Then he began to whistle, but nobody took any notice of that either! And Mr. Jacko was so buried behind his paper that Jacko began to despair of ever being able to attract his attention.

At last he hit on a brilliant idea. There was a patent fire-extinguisher hanging up on the wall, and, gently opening the door, Jacko levelled it at his father.

Of course he only meant to squirt a few drops "to catch his eye." But the thing was not too easy to work. A stream of liquid shot across the reading-room and got him fair and square. Up he jumped in a rage. But as he flung down his paper, and rushed towards the door, Jacko had the shock of his life. *It wasn't his father at all, but a complete stranger!*

The paragraph on the right is a French translation of the paragraph on the left

Beetles to Feed the Land

Many beetles are great pests, and they increase in such numbers that in some parts of the world it has been a problem to know what to do with their dead bodies after they have been killed.

Now they are being used for a good purpose—to feed and enrich the soil and also as food for stock.

As a fertiliser, too, the beetles have proved a great success. In one year in Saxony alone 3000 tons of beetles were mixed with chalk and put on the land, to its great enrichment, as shown by the improved crops.

Les Insectes qui servent d'Engrais

Nombre d'insectes sont un véritable fléau, et ils se multiplient dans une telle proportion que, dans certaines parties du monde, le problème s'est posé de savoir comment se débarrasser de leurs cadavres après qu'on les a tués.

Actuellement on en fait bon usage, pour fertiliser et enrichir le sol, et aussi pour nourrir les bestiaux.

A titre d'engrais, les insectes ont été d'une grande utilité. Rien qu'en Saxe, en un an, 3000 tonnes de coléoptères ont été mélangés avec de la craie et étendus sur les terrains qu'ils ont fortement engraisés, ainsi que l'ont prouvé les récoltes plus abondantes.

Tales Before Bedtime

Big Ben

I AM very sorry for Big Ben, and I think you will be when you have finished this little story.

Now, Big Ben is a Great Dane, one of those fine big dogs almost as tall as a little pony. His tawny coat is as smooth as silk, and his big brown eyes are as full of kindness as his heart.

But the trouble with Big Ben is that he is so big that all the other dogs are afraid of him. He tries very hard to make friends, but when he comes up to them, wagging his great tail and eager for a romp, they just take one look at him and then scamper quickly away.

Poor old Big Ben! Why, he wouldn't hurt a fly, but, of course, the other dogs don't know that. They only know that he is a great fellow and could gobble them up if he felt like it.

One Saturday afternoon Big Ben started with his master for a walk. After they had gone some distance Big Ben's master sat down in a meadow, and, taking out a book, settled himself for a quiet read.

Big Ben soon tired of sitting still, so off he wandered down the meadow where he heard children's voices. And there behind a hedge were six little children, boys and girls, laughing and dancing together and playing games.

Big Ben looked at them longingly. How he would like to play with them! He would be so gentle, especially with the little baby who sat by herself among the daisies.

The little ones had joined hands and were dancing in a



He wouldn't hurt a fly

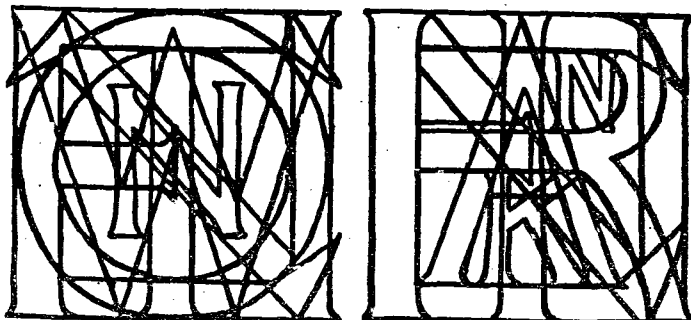
ring round the baby-girl. Big Ben could stand it no longer. Wagging his tail and barking with excitement, he dashed in among them.

Oh, how the children screamed! And off they ran, dragging the baby-girl away with them.

Big Ben's master came along quickly and soothed the little ones; then he patted poor old Big Ben on the head, for he knew just how lonely he felt.

I'm glad I'm not like Big Ben—only just as big as anyone else—aren't you?

Monograms of Discoverers



These two monograms are composed of the letters in the names of two great discoverers. Can you find out who they are? Solution next week

The Children's Newspaper grew out of My Magazine, the monthly the whole world loves. My Magazine grew out of the Children's Encyclopedia, the greatest book for children in the world.

CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

February 21, 1925

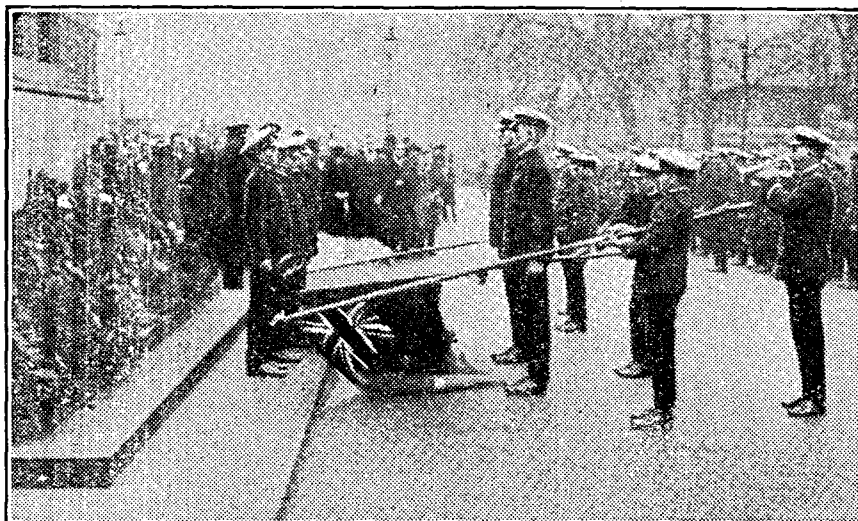
Every Thursday 2d.

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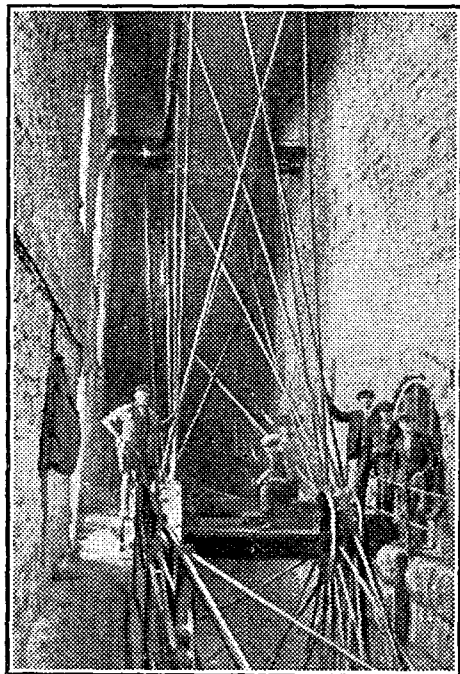
GIANT WATER-WHEEL · PANCAKE DAY AT WESTMINSTER · PRESIDENT'S SKIS



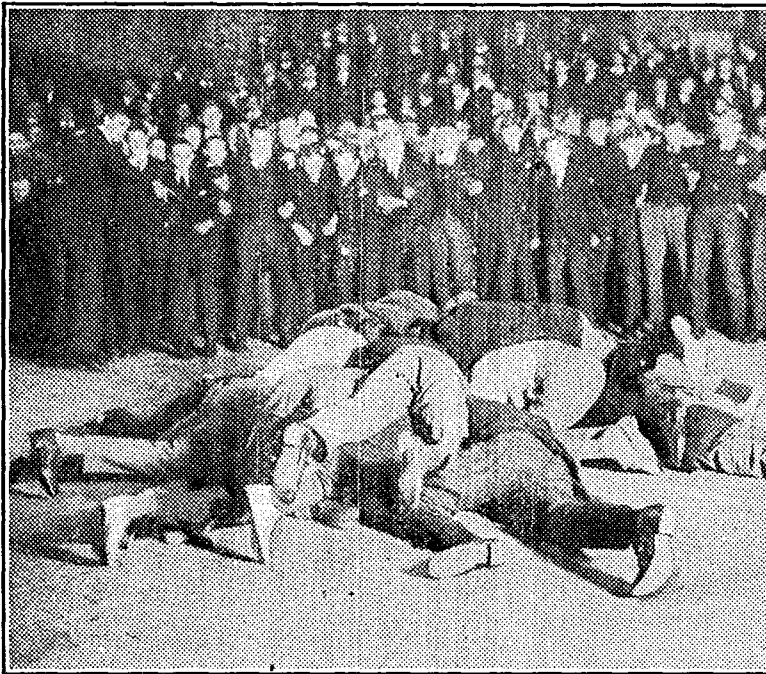
Austria's Strong Man—In this picture two teams of horses which are being driven in opposite directions are being held together successfully by Hans Kavan, the champion wrestler of Austria, who does not seem to be exerting himself unduly by this feat of strength



Young Australia at the Cenotaph—A party of Australian public schoolboys who are making a tour of England for the first time laid a wreath on the Cenotaph as their first act on reaching London, and here we see their flags being dipped as the bugler sounds the Last Post



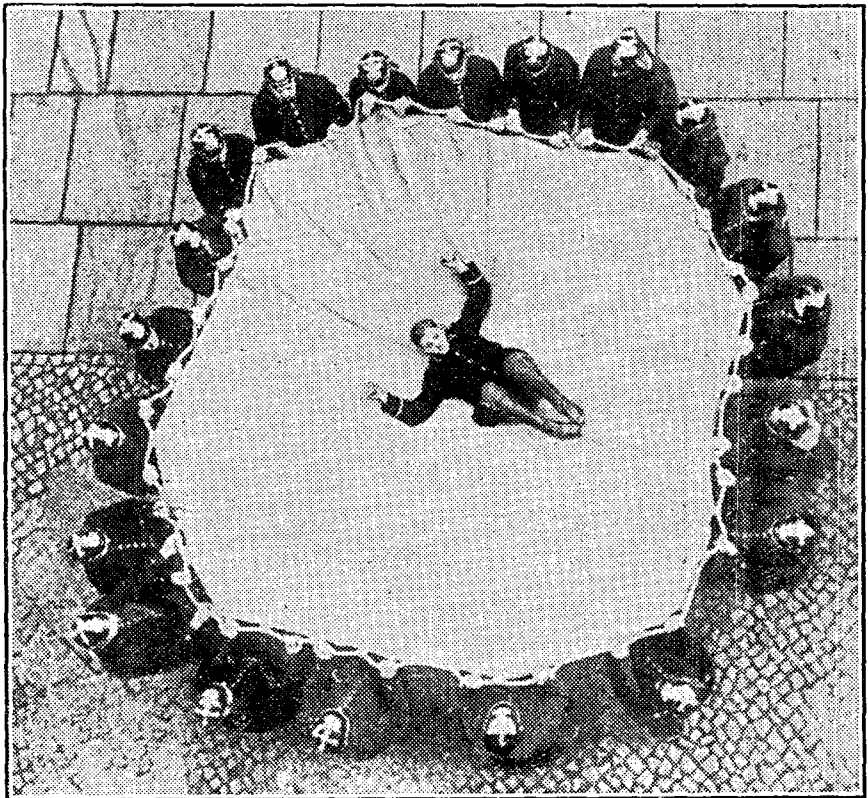
End of a Giant Water-Wheel—This old-fashioned water-wheel, at Diggle, near Oldham, is nearly 65 feet across, the largest in the British Isles, being bigger than the famous Laxey Wheel in the Isle of Man. A turbine is now to replace it



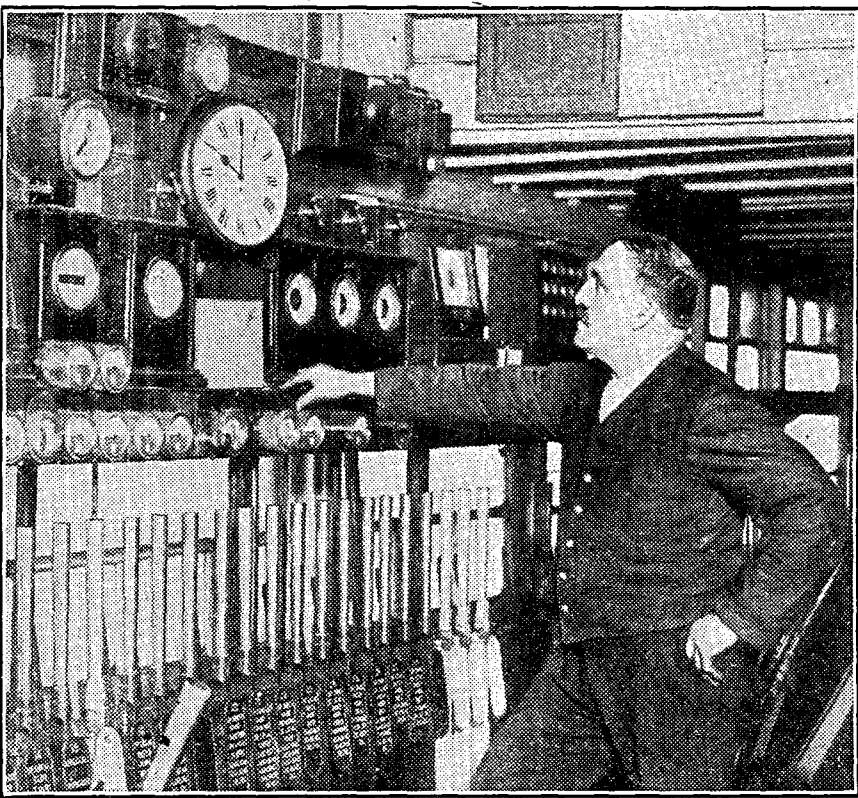
Pancake Day at Westminster School—Here is a photograph of the scramble that takes place at Westminster School every Shrove Tuesday, when the cook performs the famous ceremony of tossing the pancake. The boy who secures most of the pancake receives a guinea, but, as we can imagine, he seldom secures more than a small portion. The custom of tossing the pancake is now about 300 years old



Ski-ing at the White House—The American President and his wife, Mr. and Mrs. Calvin Coolidge, have just received presents of skis, and here we see them taking a lesson in the sport in Washington on the White House lawn



The Firemen's Blanket—The fire brigades of Berlin, which are very up-to-date and efficient, have lately been holding a great life-saving display, and this striking picture shows a fireman in the act of landing in a blanket held by his comrades, at one of their demonstrations



Correct Time in the Signal-Box—The London and North-Eastern Railway has for many years employed a remarkable system of synchronising the clocks in the signal boxes, a touch of a lever sending them the correct time at ten o'clock every morning and evening

IS THE WHITE MAN'S WORLD IN DANGER? SEE MY MAGAZINE FOR MARCH

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